New Education Readers

BOOK THREE

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO

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NEW EDUCATION READERS

A SYNTHETIC AND PHONIC WORD METHOD

BY

A. J. DEMAREST

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY

AND

WILLIAM M. VAN SICKLE

BOOK THREE

Development of Obscure Vowels, Initials, and Terminals

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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A. J DEMAREST AND W. M. VAN SICKLE,

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

NEW ED. READ. BK. III.

E. P. 11

PREFACE.

THE plan of presenting the work is a continuation and an extension of that presented in the second book of the series.

In the first book, the work was planned in detail for each day's drill and reading; in the second, it was laid out with great care by the week; but when the pupil has reached this advanced stage, it is but natural to divide the work so that the subject-matter shall conform to the months of the year.

Great care has been exercised in the selection of the stories, not only in their adaptability to nature work, but for the higher purpose of cultivating in the child a desire to read the best and choicest stories found within the rich realm of literature for children.

In order to develop this taste, it is very essential that a child should be interested in what he reads. To meet this requirement, the larger part of the stories have been drawn from the fruitful field of myth, legend, fable, biography, and fairy tale, and various selections having an ethical value.

After a taste for reading — which is an essential part of education — has been developed, it becomes the duty of the teacher to see that this taste is led into right channels. No one knows the youthful taste better than the teacher, and when she sees a pupil with a spirit of adventure, it would be wrong to allow him to select the "Old Sleuth" type for his heroic ideal. Here is a golden opportunity to lead his adventurous spirit to the higher realms of poetry and prose, where he may find pleasure and admiration in the lofty ideals of true heroism.

As a rule, children are "as competent to select their own reading as a sick man is to choose his own medicine. The fevered man drinks ice water to his own detriment, and the hungry boy gorges himself with green apples to his sorrow." When we stop to consider that the great majority of pupils pass only through the primary grades and never enter the grammar depart-

ment, not to speak of the high school, it becomes a matter of vital importance that they should be trained to acquire correct reading habits early in life.

In developing a child's love for the beautiful in poetry, if the teacher will frequently read some suitable and appropriate poem, and then require the pupils to commit it to memory, much may be done toward cultivating a high standard of literary appreciation. In accordance with this suggestion, standard poems have been placed at the head of each month's work. If only a stanza or two is taught each week, these beautiful gems will be thoroughly mastered by the end of the month. Give added interest to the work by appropriate blackboard drawings, timely talks, conversational lessons, and such other devices as may suggest themselves.

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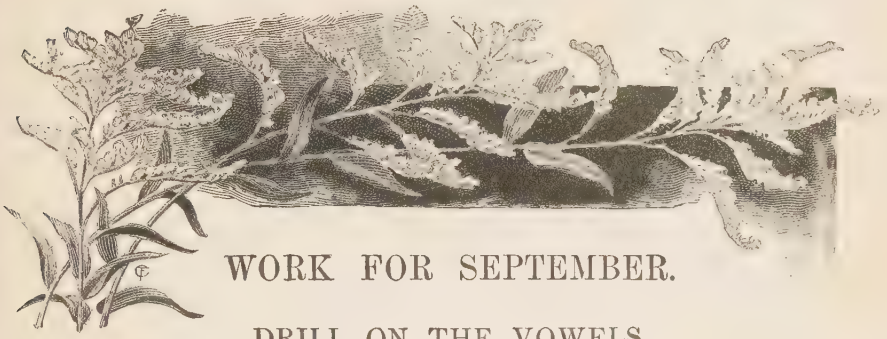


WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

DRILL ON THE VOWELS.

NEW VOWEL SOUND,

a and ô

THE FAMILIES.

aw	**awn**	**alt**	ault	awk	ort	ork
awl	ard	aught	alk	orm	orch	ought

NEW BLEND WORDS.

paw, caw, saw, raw, jaw, straw, claw; awl, shawl, crawl, scrawl.

fawn, lawn, yawn, dawn, drawn; ward; salt, halt; taught, caught; fault; talk, walk, chalk; hawk.

storm, form; sort, short.

torch; York, stork.

fought, sought, brought, thought, bought.

MEMORY GEM FOR THE MONTH.

SEPTEMBER.

The goldenrod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
The asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

— Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE BOY AND THE RIVER.

A boy who lived in the country was sent to the city one day to sell some butter and eggs for his mother.

He had to walk all the way. He was not a very bright boy, as you will soon see.

On the way, he came to a big river and sat down on the green bank to rest. He saw the river running by, and thought, "It must all run by before long."

"I think I will wait and see," he said. So he sought a nice place where he could look at the river.

The little boy sat on the bank all day. At night, the water was as high as it was in the morning. Then he went home to his mother with his butter and eggs.

"Where have you been, my boy?" she said. "Why did you not sell your butter and eggs?"

The boy said: "I stopped at a river and waited to see the water run out. It has been running all day and it is running now. So I have brought the butter and eggs home to you."

"My boy," said the mother, "you will not sell your eggs and butter if you wait for that. You ought not to

spend your time in that way. The water in the river will flow on, and on, and on."

NOTE. — When *ed* is added to words ending in *t* or *d* it makes a new syllable and the *e* is marked short, as *wantĕd;* the *e* is silent when *ed* follows any consonant except *t* or *d*, and the *d* blends with the last sound, as *lived;* if the last sound is a breath consonant (except *t*), the *d* sounds like *t*, as *stopped.*

SOUR GRAPES.

One day a fox came upon some grapes in a tree.

A fox is very fond of grapes. And this fox wanted the grapes as soon as he saw them. So he thought that he could get them. He sought in every way to reach them, but he could not get them.

As he went away, he said: "I would not eat those grapes. They are sour."

Do you know some little boys and girls who are like this fox? When they cannot get what they want, they are apt to say, "Sour grapes."

---

were

THE QUARREL OF THE LION AND THE BEAR.

One day a lion and a bear caught and killed the same fawn. Then they had a quarrel over it. "It is mine," said the lion. "I killed it with my strong jaws."

"It is mine," said the bear. "I killed it with my strong paws." Then they fought over it till they could not fight any more.

They were so weak that they lay upon the ground panting and looking at each other.

A fox who was going by at that time saw them with the dead fawn. He ran up to them, took the fawn in his mouth, and then ran away to his home.

"We ought not to quarrel," said the lion. "It was all your fault," said the bear. "See, the fox has the fawn that we caught."

"If it had not been for this quarrel, we would have had a nice meal," said the lion.

The fox, as he lay upon the lawn, eating the fawn, said, "If it had not been for that quarrel, I would not be eating this nice meal."

There's = there is

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

"Oh, I want a drink," said an old black crow. "There is a pitcher of water. Now I will have a drink of cold clear water."

There was only a little water in the pitcher. In went the crow's bill, but the water was so low in the pitcher that he could not reach it.

"I must have that water," he said, sitting down to think it over.

A crow knows how to think. For a long time, this black crow sat winking and blinking at the pitcher.

"I see," he said; "I will drop these small stones into the pitcher. They will make the water rise in the pitcher so that I can reach it."

So, with a "Caw, caw, caw," the wise old crow went to work. "Where there's a will, there's a way," said the old crow.

And who will now say that a crow does not know how to use his wits?

"Caw, caw, caw!"

---

mouse once

THE MICE AND THE CAT.

An old cat was in a fair way to kill all the mice in the sawmill.

One day, the mice met to talk about the great harm that she was doing to them.

Each one told of some plan by which to keep out of her way.

"Do as I say," said an old gray mouse, who was thought to be very wise, "Do as I say: hang a bell to the cat's neck, and then when she comes, we can hear the bell ring."

"Good! good!" said all the mice. "That is a good plan," and away they ran to get the bell which was in the hallway.

"Now," said the old gray mouse, "which one of you will hang it on the cat's neck?"

"I will not undertake that," said a little mouse. "Nor I, nor I," said all the mice at once.

woman change

THE GOLDENRODS AND THE PURPLE ASTERS.

Once upon a time there were two very pretty girls; one had golden hair, and the other had blue eyes.

They wanted to make everybody happy. They had been told that on the top of a big hill was the home of a very small woman who could change little girls into anything she wished.

One day, Golden Hair said to Blue Eyes, "Let us go and ask this little old woman, who lives on the top of the hill, what we can do to make everybody happy."

So one morning at dawn they went, hand in hand, to see this little old woman.

On the way, they halted at a river to look at the fish swimming in the water. On a ledge of rocks, they saw a little boy who was not at school that day, but was

fishing. He had a short fishing rod. He had a strip of salt meat on a bent pin, but the sunfish did not bite; and so he did not look happy.

Golden Hair said: "Little boy, if you want to be happy, pick up your books and run to school. You ought not to spend your time like that, for if you do, when you grow up to be a man, you will not know anything."

Then they saw a stork, with very long legs and a long bill, wading in the water, looking for a fish to take home for the little storks to eat. At the roadside, they stopped to look at a little bird that was singing a very sad song. In the underbrush, they saw a big snake crawling toward the little bird.

Little Blue Eyes said: "Do not harm the pretty bird, Mr. Snake. She has little birds at home in a nest, and they will be unhappy without their mother. The little birds will want the mother bird to keep them warm from the raw, chilling storms."

Overhead, a bluebird was winging its way homeward. It had some straws in its beak to make a little nest. Then they saw a big hawk flying to its nest in a tall tree. It had a ground mouse in its claws that it was taking home to make the little hawks happy.

Golden Hair wrote this on a big rock with a stick of chalk: "Make everybody happy."

The yawning schoolboy, who went by that way that

day, read it and said: "I will make my teacher happy to-day. I will read, write, and draw well. I will not make any scrawls in my writing book."

After sunset, it grew very dark. Then the stars came out to show the little girls the way.

When they came to the old house, they saw the form of the little woman near the gate. She had on an old shawl to keep her warm.

The little old woman met them at the gate. She had a very cross look.

Golden Hair and Blue Eyes said to her, "We want to make everybody happy, and we thought you could tell us how to do it."

The old woman, with a smile, told them to come into the house. No one saw the little girls after that. In the morning, the hills and roadside were covered with goldenrods and purple asters.

If the goldenrods and purple asters could talk, they could tell all about it.

Sometimes the butterflies are late coming home. Then the goldenrod is a sort of torch to light up the way for them.

The purple asters grow by the roadside. They are the little stars that fill our everyday life with sunshine.

Whenever you see the goldenrods and purple asters, growing by the roadside, think of these two little girls. Then do as they did — make somebody happy.

DRILL ON THE VOWELS.

NEW VOWEL SOUND.

ä

ITS FAMILY.

ar	arl	arn
arb	arge	alve
art	arsh	alf
ard	alm	aunt

NEW BLEND WORDS.

far, bar, jar, scar, star; garb.
cart, start, smart, chart.
yard, hard; marl, snarl.
large, charge; marsh, harsh.
calm, palm; barn.
halve, salve; calf, half.
aunt, gaunt.

THE LITTLE RED HEN.

A little red hen was one day sitting on an ox cart in a barnyard. On the ground, she saw a grain of wheat.

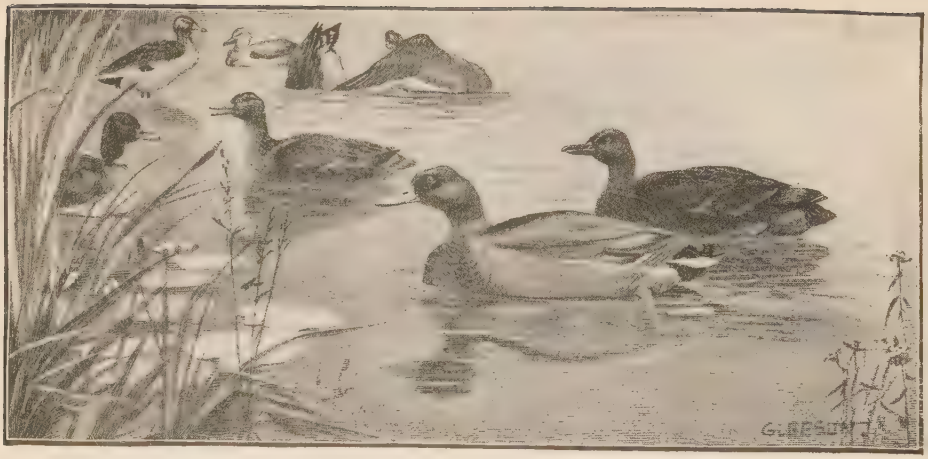
"Who will plant this grain of wheat?" she said.

"We will not," said the ducks. "The grainfield is too far away, and it is time for us to go to the pond down in the marsh for a swim."

So down the lane marched the ducks in a line like soldiers. "I will, then," said the little red hen, and she planted the grain of wheat in the field.

When the grain of wheat was ripe, she said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill?"

"We will not," said the large ducks once more. "It



is time for us to take the little ducks to the pond to teach them to swim."

"I will, then," said the little red hen, and she went with the wheat to the mill.

When she brought the flour home in a big jar, she said, "Who will make some bread with this flour?"

"We will not," said the ducks, and away to the pond they went.

"Very well, then," said the little red hen, "I will make it myself." When the bread was made, she said, "Who will eat this bread that I have made?"

"We will," shouted the ducks.

"No, you will not," said the hen, "for I shall eat all of it myself."

The little white calf, looking under the bars, said, "That is right; for ducks who will not work, and want

all of the time for play, should not have anything to eat. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Cluck! cluck! cluck!" said the little red hen.

WHICH WAS THE STRONGER?

One day, the sun and the wind had a long talk about which of them was the stronger.

"I am stronger than you," said the wind to the sun.

"I think that you are not half so strong as I am," said the sun to the wind.

"Let us see who is the stronger," said the wind. "Do you see that gaunt man down there in charge of the men in the marl pit?"

"I do," said the sun.

"Well," said the wind, "the one who can make him take off his cloak is the stronger."

"Very well," said the sun. "We shall now see who is the stronger."

Then the wind started to blow in a calm way and ended with a big roar. But, blow as hard as he might, he could not make the man take off his cloak.

Then the sun said, "I will make him take off his cloak." The sun became very bright and very warm.

Before long, the man said: "It is very warm. I must take off this thick cloak."

He did so, and sat down to rest under a big palm tree.

THE OAK AND THE WILLOW.

A large oak tree was growing on the bank of a river. "How tall I am," said the oak. "How strong I am. I would like to see anything that could make me bend my head."

"Would you?" snarled the wind. "We will see if you are as smart as you think you are."

So the wind called up a big storm. The rain fell, but the oak kept his head high in the air. He wanted to let the wind see that he did not mind the rain. Then the wind began to blow a great gale. The tall oak did not like the harsh winds. Down went the big oak with a crash! There he lay upon the ground.

"Little willow twig," said the oak, as he saw that the little twig was standing near by, "tell me how a little thing like you could withstand that big storm."

"Oh," said the little twig, "when the storm comes, I bend my head like this, and let it go over me. The storm did not make one scar on my body."

Then some men came and placed the oak on a barge and sent it down the river to a big city, where it was made into planks.

A SEPTEMBER WALK WITH AUNT FANNIE.

Aunt Fannie likes to take the boys and girls for a walk over the fields. She likes to tell them about the flowers that she sees on the way.

So one morning Aunt Fannie asked Will, Frank, Jane, and Kate to take a walk with her as far as the old red mill. The old mill is near the schoolhouse.

"The fields do not look as pretty," said Aunt Fannie, "as when they are covered with green. Autumn has placed this brown garb over the fields to keep them warm from the blighting winds, and that is why they do not look so bright and gay as they do in summer time. Still, we shall find many flowering plants to-day, plants that are very pretty."

Milkweed.

"Why do all plants want seeds?" asked Frank.

"Plants grow from little seeds, as I have told you before, and the little seeds are the plants' children," said Aunt Fannie.

"Look at that milkweed," said Aunt Fannie. "The

wind is now blowing the seeds away from the plant. Some of the seeds have dropped on the ground near our feet, where they may some day grow to be plants.

Bluebells.

"The autumn winds have fun; they blow the seeds from the plants; they make the leaves fall; and they shake the apples from the trees.

"Let us pick this little purple aster sitting on its stem, looking at the goldenrod by the pasture bars.

"I am very fond of purple asters. They wait very late till all the flowers of the garden have faded, so as to make sad autumn look a little gay."

"I like the goldenrods," said Frank. "They are so bright and gay that they make me happy whenever I see them."

"I know what Frank is thinking about," said Kate. "He is thinking about the Goldenrods and Little Purple Asters that he read about in his school book the other day."

"Boys and girls," said Aunt Fannie, "if you want anything to eat, we will stop and have some butter and eggs."

"Where are the butter and eggs?" said Jane. "I do not see any."

"This plant covered with yellow flowers we call butter and eggs," said Aunt Fannie. "Do you see that big bee? He is now getting some butter and eggs to take to his home."

Butter and Eggs.

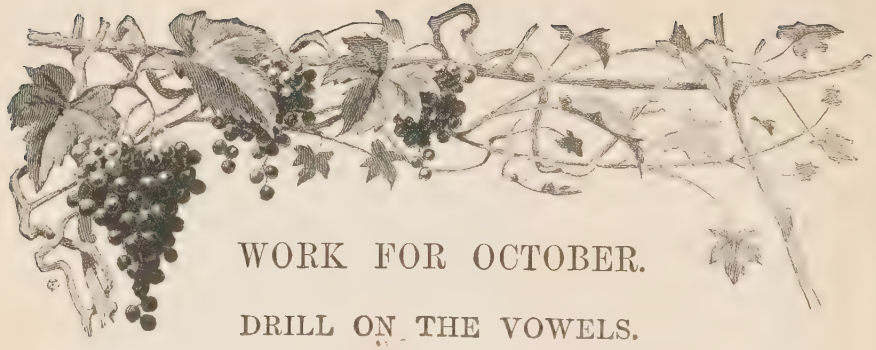
"Oh, look at the pretty blue-bells!" said Kate. "I shall pick some of them to take home to my mother."

"Autumn brings many things to us," said Aunt Fannie. "It brings us more than flowers. It is the time for fruits. The trees are now bending low with ripe fruits."

"How pretty they look," said Bess, "with the green leaves about them."

"Inside of the apples and pears," said Aunt Fannie, "are little brown seeds. A peach or a plum has one large seed. The seed is inside of a pit called a stone.

"In the month of May the trees are covered with pretty blossoms In place of the blossoms we now see the ripe fruit. Some day I shall tell you how the fruits come from the blossoms."



WORK FOR OCTOBER.

DRILL ON THE VOWELS.

NEW VOWEL SOUND.

å

ITS FAMILY.

asp	aft	anch
ass	aff	ant
ast	ance	ath

NEW BLEND WORDS.

gasp, clasp, grasp.
mass, lass, grass, glass, brass.
last, fast, past; shaft, draft.
staff; dance, prance, chance, glance, France; branch.
pant, grant, Grant; path, bath.

MEMORY GEM FOR THE MONTH.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER.

O sun and skies and clouds of June
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,

And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fingers tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle, golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE GREEDY LITTLE LASS.

A little lass was one day playing on the grass plot near the porch.

She chanced to see a glass pitcher of nuts standing on a brass tray. This made her dance with delight, as she was very fond of nuts.

Then she ran as fast as she could to get the pitcher of nuts. She put her hand into the pitcher to get some of the nuts. She was a very greedy little lass. She clasped all the nuts that she could in her hand.

Then she could not get her hand out of the pitcher. The neck of the pitcher was too small. Her hand was too big with all the nuts in it. She was so greedy that she did not want to drop any of the nuts.

Her father, who was passing by at that time, saw at a glance what she was doing, and said to her, "If you take two or three nuts at a time, it will not be long before you will have all of them."

"I might have thought of that before," said the little lass.

"Besides," said her father, "it does not look well for any boy or girl to be so grasping."

THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS.

We will now read about a woman, in France, who had a goose that laid a golden egg every day. This goose was very handsome, and somehow the eggs were not like other eggs.

The woman sold the eggs at the market for a very big price.

One day as the woman was looking at her handsome goose, she thought: "Inside of that goose there must be a mass of gold. If I should kill her I could get all of it at once."

The more she thought about it, the more she wanted the mass of gold. Then she thought what she would do with it when she had it. She would have a big house, a fine horse or two, and many things about her to make her happy.

So one day she killed the handsome goose that laid

the golden eggs. But she did not find any gold inside of the goose.

The woman would have no more golden eggs to sell at the market place. By being so greedy, she had lost all that she had.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Every boy and girl in this country of ours should know the American eagle. It lives by the water so it can get fish to eat.

When it cannot get a fish it sometimes eats a little pig, if it can get one.

The American eagle does not like to fish for itself. It will wait for a fishhawk to come along and catch a fish. Then it will fly round and round the fishhawk till it drops the fish. The fishhawk has to drop the fish to save its own life.

As soon as the fishhawk drops the fish, the eagle will grasp it with its claws while it is falling and take it home to its nest.

The eagle makes its nest of large sticks, hay, and cornstalks on the top branch of a very tall tree. Its mate lays from two to four white eggs as large as goose eggs. The little eagles are covered with a soft down, and have light blue eyes.

As the little eagles grow to be big birds, they change to a dark brown on all parts of the body. When they are three years old their heads and tails become white. When they are four years old they look like their father and mother.

As soon as the little eagles can fly, the old ones drive them from the nest. However, they come back to the nest at night for a month or two.

The American eagle is about three feet long. It is about six feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other wing. Is there anything about the American eagle that you do not like?

THE SELFISH DOG IN THE MANGER.

There was once a cross little dog who lay all day long panting and snarling in a manger, where there was some good hay.

A big goat, an old sheep, and a red cow, covered with white spots, came one by one, and wanted to eat some of the hay.

The cross little dog, as soon as the animals came near, would bark at them and thus drive them away.

At last a big draft horse came and looked in at the hay; but the cross little dog barked at him too.

That made the old horse dance and prance.

"You are a mean, selfish dog," said the old horse. "You cannot eat the hay. Why do you want to keep it all for yourself?"

THE FOX AND THE COCK.

A fox met a very wise cock, one day, and the two had a long talk.

"How many tricks can you do?" said the fox.

"I could do three or four tricks if I had a chance," said the cock. "How many tricks can you do?"

"Well," said the fox, "I can do many more than you can."

"Tell me about some of the fine tricks that I cannot do," said the cock.

"Well, if you must know," said the fox, "I can shut my left eye and give a big shout. Not every animal can do that trick."

"Ha! ha!" said the cock, "I can do that."

"Let me see if you can," said the fox.

Then the cock shut his left eye and crowed as loud as he could. But he shut the eye that was on the side toward the fox, and before he could think, the fox had him by the neck and was running to his den far away from the barnyard.

As the fox went past the barnyard, Mr. Grant saw what he was doing, and shouted: "Drop that chicken. He belongs to me."

"Tell him that I belong to you," gasped the cock.

"This cock belongs to me," shouted the fox; but as he opened his mouth, the cock sprang away to a branch of a tree where he was out of reach.

As the fox slunk away, the cock said, "Thanks for that nice trick that you taught me."

So you see that the cock saved his life by a trick.

DRILL ON THE VOWELS.

NEW VOWEL SOUND.

â and ê

THE FAMILIES.

are	ere
air	eir

NEW BLEND WORDS.

fare, rare, bare, mare, hare, pare, share, tare, ware, dare, scare, care, stare, snare, glare, spare.
fair, lair, chair, stair.
there, where; their.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF.

Once a little boy was sent by his father to take care of a large flock of sheep.

His father said to him: "If a wolf should come to the pasture you must call 'Wolf! wolf!' Then the men who are working near by will come and drive him away."

For many days no wolf came near the flock of sheep. One day the little boy thought he would have some fun with the men. So he cried out, "Wolf! wolf!"

"Where, where?" said the men; and they ran as fast as they could to the pasture.

The little boy said, "There is no wolf; I only wanted to give you a big scare."

The men did not like the boy's fun and went back to their work. Two or three times after that the little

boy called the men to drive away the wolf. Each time the men ran to the pasture, but the boy said, "I only wanted to have some fun with you."

At last, a wolf did come to the pasture and then the little boy shouted, "Help! help! a wolf! a wolf!"

This time the men did not run and help him for they said: "He only wants to have some fun with us. We will keep right on with our work."

The wolf killed many of the sheep and took one to his den.

THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE.

A hare once made fun of a tortoise. "What a slow way you have of going over the ground," he said.

"Have I?" said the tortoise. "If you will run a race with me, I will beat you, slow as I am."

"You want to make fun of me," said the hare. "But come, I will race with you and then you will see that you go over the ground like a snail."

"Who will mark off the paces for the race?" said the hare. "There stands Mr. Fox, he is very wise and fair; let us ask him."

So the fox told them where to start and that they should run as far as the foot of the hill.

The tortoise started at once and did not stop till she came to the foot of the hill.

The hare ran till he saw that he had left the tortoise out of sight, and then thought that he would take a nap.

He woke up, by and by, and ran as fast as he could; but when he came to the foot of the hill, there he saw the tortoise. So you see the boasting hare did not win the race.

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

A little dog lay on a chair by the house. A wolf came upon him, and was about to eat him.

"Do not kill me now," cried the dog. "Do not eat me now. You see that I am thin and would not make good fare for you. Come and eat me when I am fat."

"All right," said the wolf. "I will come for you when you are fat."

When the wise little dog saw the wolf coming up the path he ran up the stairs to the top of the house.

The wolf saw him and said: "How dare you run away from me? I have come to take you home with me. This time you look nice and fat, and I want you to come down."

"If you want me, you must come and get me," said the little dog. "You may glare and snarl at me as long as you wish, but I shall not come down. I shall stay on the house top and stare at you. You did not get me in a snare this time."

"Well, I see I must spare you this time," said the wolf. And away he went back to his den, hanging his head in shame.

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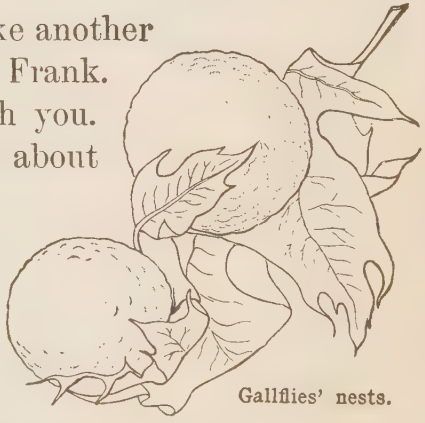
pumpkin Hallowe'en

AN OCTOBER WALK WITH AUNT FANNIE.

"Aunt Fannie, will you take another walk with us to-day?" asked Frank. "We like to take a walk with you. You tell us so many things about animals and flowers."



Gallflies' nests.

"Yes, dear Frank, I shall be happy to go with you," said Aunt Fannie. "This is a good day for a walk. The bright days of October are here. I think October is the best month in the year."

"Frank, will you get that oak twig," said Aunt Fannie. "I want to show you something. Do you see this little lump on this twig?"

"No, Frank, it is not an acorn. An acorn does not

look like this. It is the house of a little fly. It is the home of the gallfly. One day the mother fly made a hole in this twig. Then she laid an egg in this hole. As the twig grew it made a little house around the egg."

"Then the mother fly did not make the house," said Frank.

"No," said Aunt Fannie, "the oak made the house for the little egg. Some day the little gallfly will come out of his pretty oak home."

"We will now look at another tree," said Aunt Fannie. "Do you see that hole in the trunk of that big oak tree? Inside the trunk of that tree is the home of some squirrels."

"How do you know that?" said Frank.

"If you want to see things, you should keep your eyes open," said Aunt Fannie. "I will tell you why I know that some squirrels live in that hole. I just saw a big brown squirrel run into that hole. He had a nut in his mouth. He was taking some food home to the little squirrels. Squirrels are very fond of nuts. They store the nuts in their home for the winter."

"How can a squirrel eat a hard nut?" asked Frank.

"They make a hole in the shell of the nut," said Aunt Fannie. "Then they can get at the meat of the nut."

"This is a good time to find the chestnuts on the ground," said Aunt Fannie. "It looks as if Jack Frost had been here."

"Do you see the green balls on the tree?" said Aunt Fannie. "The chestnuts grow in these round green balls. They grow all summer in these green homes. In the fall of the year, it is time for them to come out. Then some cold night, Jack Frost comes to see them. He shouts: 'It is time for you to come out and play with me.'

"Then the little chestnuts put on their brown coats and come out of their homes."

"This large plant," said Aunt Fannie, "which you see growing near the wall, is a milkweed.

"Many pink flowers grow on the stem of this plant. The flowers have little cups. Do you know another flower that has a cup?" asked Aunt Fannie.

"Yes," said Frank; "it is the pretty little yellow buttercup."

"When the flowers fall off the stems, little pods grow in their place," said Aunt Fannie. "Many little brown seeds grow in these pods.

"Do you know how the maple seeds go from place to place?" asked Aunt Fannie.

"Yes," said Bess; "they have two wings and fly in the air like little birds."

"Well," said Aunt Fannie, "the seeds of the milk-

weed do not like to stay at home. These seeds have little sails. The wind fills their sails, and away they go, sailing in the air to find a good place to rest."

"Then it is the wind," said Bess, "that plants the milkweed seeds for us."

"Yes, dear Bess; that is how the milkweed seeds are planted."

"Let us now go to the cornfield," said Aunt Fannie. "I want to show you something that is big, round, and yellow."

"Oh, I know what that is," said Frank. "It is a pumpkin. How yellow the pumpkins are!"

"Yes," said Aunt Fannie, "the pumpkins are now ripe and it is time for the men to pick them and store them in the barn.

"I will tell you something about pumpkins," said Aunt Fannie. "The pumpkins grow on green vines. The men planted white seeds. The pumpkins grow from these white seeds. You can see that the vine has large green leaves."

"Do pumpkins have flowers, too," asked Bess.

"Yes," said Aunt Fannie, "the flowers are large and yellow. When the flowers fall off, green cups take

their place. These cups keep growing and growing, and now in their place you see this large pumpkin.

"Inside of the pumpkins are many seeds. Some day I shall cut this pumpkin and take out the seeds. Then I shall place them where the sun can dry them.

"When spring comes the men will plant these seeds. Then when the autumn days come we shall have more pumpkins."

"Frank," said Aunt Fannie, "do you know that this is the last day of October?

"The last night of October is called Hallowe'en.

"On Hallowe'en night the boys and girls have a good time."

"Then," said Frank, "I shall take one of these pumpkins home with me."

"What do you mean to do with the pumpkin?" asked Bess.

"I mean to make a pumpkin head," said Frank. "I shall cut the top from the pumpkin, so I can take out the inside. Then I shall cut out two eyes, a nose, and a big mouth. Then I shall put a light inside the pumpkin and hang it up in a dark place to scare the boys."

When they came near the house, Aunt Fannie said: "Do you see that tall sunflower in the garden? It is one of the last flowers of the year. If you wish, I will

tell you something about a little girl that was changed into a sunflower."

"I should like to hear it," said Frank. "I want to hear it, too," said Bess.

"If you will come into the house, I will tell it to you," said Aunt Fannie.

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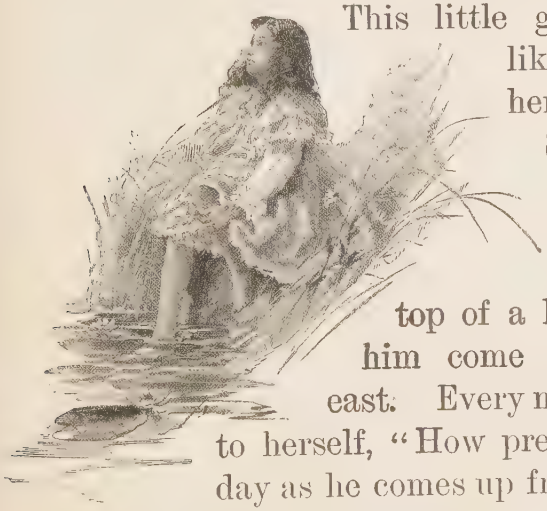
among cloud

THE STORY OF CLYTIE.

There was once a little girl that liked to play all day in the woods. Her name was Clytie.



This little girl wanted to look like the sun. That was her everyday wish.

She was up every morning at dawn to see the sun rise. She would walk to the top of a hill so she could see him come up in the far-away east. Every morning she would say to herself, "How pretty the sun looks to-day as he comes up from behind the hills."

It did not take the sun long to come from behind the hills. Then he looked like a big ball of flame and filled the world with light.

Then the little fairy would run down the hill to a pretty brook. There she would sit all day on the bank of this flowing stream. She liked to put her little white feet in the flowing water. She would tuck her little green dress so it would not get wet. Many times a day she would see her pretty face in the water. Then she would say, "I wish I had a face as bright as the sun. I love the sun and want to be as big and beautiful as he."

Whenever a little cloud would cover the face of the bright sun, it made little Clytie very sad and unhappy.

But when the sun came peeping from behind the dark cloud, it made little Clytie happy once more.

One day this little girl was sitting among the pretty flowers. She looked just like a flower herself with her green dress and yellow hair.

All that day the sun was looking at her, and he thought many times, "What a beautiful flower she is."

At last it was time for the sun to go to sleep behind the hills. Then little Clytie would run to the top of the hill to see him sink out of sight.

"Good night, dear sun, I shall be up at dawn to see you rise," she said.

Then the sun thought that he had never seen anything in his rounds as beautiful as this little girl. "It would be a shame for this beautiful flower to die just like the rest of the flowers in the fields and gardens.

Who will come to greet me every morning? I shall miss this bright face when I come up in the east. I must think of something to make her stay with me.

"I have it," said the sun; "I have a bright thought. I shall change her into a beautiful yellow flower."

That night she could not walk. She could not go home. Her little feet had turned into roots which were growing in the soft ground. Her arms had turned into green leaves. Her yellow hair had turned into petals. Her green dress had turned into a green stalk.

She had her wish at last. She wanted to look like the sun.

And now she is a beautiful sunflower. She is very happy. She turns her sweet face to the sun all day long. The sun looks for her every morning when he comes up in the east.

Each morning the sun says, "Good morning, my pretty sunflower. How are you to-day?"

The pretty sunflower says, "Good morning, sun, I am glad to see you once more. I shall look at you all day."

When the sun goes down in the west, he says, "Good night, bright face, I shall look for you in the morning."

Then little bright face says, "Good night, dear sun, I shall be up in time to see you rise in the morning."

"That is a very pretty story," said Frank.

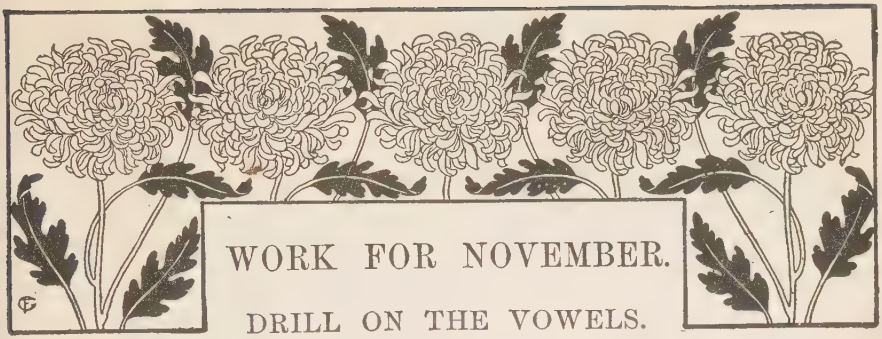
"I shall think of that pretty story every time I see a sunflower," said Bess.

FLY AWAY, LITTLE BIRDS.

"Fly away, little birds,
'Tis your season to go;
The winter is coming,
With cold winds and snow.

"The flowers have gone,
From the meadows around,
To sleep in their seeds
And their coats underground.

"But come back in the spring
When the weather is fair,
And sing your sweet songs
In the warm gentle air."



WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

DRILL ON THE VOWELS.

NEW VOWEL SOUND.

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THE FAMILIES.

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NEW VOWEL SOUND.

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THE FAMILIES.

ool	oor[1]	ood
oom	oot	oost
oon	oose	
oop	oof	

NEW BLEND WORDS.

book, cook, hook, look, took, shook, brook.
good, hood, stood, wood.
could, should, would.
put; pull, full; puss; push, bush.

NEW BLEND WORDS.

cool, pool, stool.
loom, room, broom, bloom.
moon, noon, soon, loon.
coop, hoop, troop, droop, stoop.
poor, moor; boot, hoot, root, shoot.
loose, goose; roof, loof, hoof.
food, brood; roost.

To the Teacher. — Double *o* is short when followed by *d* or *k*, or preceded by *w*; it is long when not followed by *d* or *k*, or preceded by *w*.

[1] In such words as *door* and *floor*, *oo* is equivalent to long *o*, as —

oϕ = ō; as, dōϕr, flōϕr.

MEMORY GEM FOR THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves;
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

—Alice Cary.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

I.

We will now read about a little girl, who lived in a country far away. This little girl was as good and as pretty as any rose that blooms in the month of June.

She lived with her mother, in a little red house that stood on a moor. She had no little boys and girls to play with her, yet she was happy all the day long with her pets. She had a brood of chicks that she kept in a coop with the mother hen; the old chickens sat all night on a pole in the chicken roost. She had an old goose that ran loose all day long in the near-by fields, and some ducks that swam all day in the clear cool water of a deep pool.

Morning, noon, and night she took some food to her pets and as soon as they saw her coming, they would

come trooping like soldiers up to the barnyard. She had one pet of which she was very fond; it was an old black cat that she called "Puss in Boots." This little girl was very kind to the birds too; she had a bird house for them on the roof of the barn, and fed them when the snow was on the ground. She kept aloof from bad boys and girls. Sometimes she would play all day long rolling her hoop up and down the path.

When this little girl was five years old, her mother made her a cloak with a hood that was as bright and red as a rose. She looked so pretty in her red hood that every one called her Little Red Riding Hood. Her mother told her that this cloak and her hood would bring good luck to any one who wore it and that no harm could come to her as long as she kept it on.

One day her mother said to her: "I have made some nice cakes and butter for your dear old grandmother. You may put on your cloak with the red hood and take them to her. Do you think you can find the way?"

"I know the way to grandmother's house. I will take the path down near the brook," said Little Red Riding Hood.

She put the cakes and butter in her little basket; then she put on her cloak with the red hood and kissed her mother.

"Good-by, Little Red Riding Hood," said her mother.

"Be a good girl and do not stop to play on the way; come home before the moon comes up, for I do not want my little girl to be out in the night time."

II.

Her grandmother's house was a long way off, and Little Red Riding Hood had to go through a big wood, yet she went on her way singing.

She looked at the tall trees growing by the side of the path and saw what a nice place this would be for her to play, but she thought of what her mother said and did not stop.

She saw a rose bush near the path, and stooped to pull it out by the roots so as to take it for her grandmother's garden.

All at once some one cried out, "Who goes there?" Then she saw a big gaunt wolf standing before her in the path. Little Red Riding Hood shook with fear when she saw the wolf. She looked so sweet that the wolf had made

up his mind to kill and eat her. The wolf stood glaring at the fair little girl and said: "Good morning, my little girl. Where are you going this fine day with that basket on your arm?"

"I am going to see my grandmother," said Little Red Riding Hood. "I have some nice cakes that my mother cooked for her and a pot full of nice yellow butter."

"Where does your grandmother live?" said the wolf.

"She lives in a little red house on the other side of the woods. What is that I hear in the woods?" said Little Red Riding Hood.

"Why, that is a man or two felling some trees," said the wolf. He thought that he dare not kill the little girl when there were some men so near at hand, and he said: "I think I will go to see your grandmother too, but I shall not go with you. You may take this path, and I will take another. You cannot run as fast as I can; so I will run ahead and tell her that you are coming."

Then the wolf ran as fast as he could so as to get there before Little Red Riding Hood.

teeth

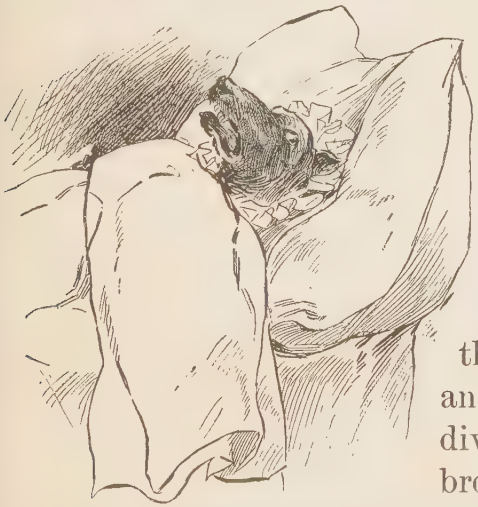
III.

As soon as the wolf came to the little red house, he made a soft rap, like this: rap! rap! rap! on the door.

No one came to let him in, and so he said, "Grandmother must be away from home."

Then he stood up on his hind feet and lifted the latch of the door with his paw. He looked in all the rooms but could not find the little girl's grandmother. He saw her nightcap hanging on a hook on the wall; and the broom was where she had left it on the floor. The good old woman had gone to sell the cloth that she had made on her loom.

"Now," thought the wolf, "I shall have things all my own way; I can catch Little Red Riding Hood." So he put the grandmother's cap on his head, and then lay down on the bed and covered himself with her blankets.



All this time, Little Red Riding Hood was walking along through the woods, stopping now and then to look at a loon diving in the water of the brook, or to pick a drooping flower, or to hear the hooting of a big bird in the tree tops.

At last she came to the little red house. "Who is there?" cried the wolf.

"My poor grandmother must be ill; she must have a very bad cold," thought Little Red Riding Hood to herself. Then she said: "It is I, Little Red Riding Hood. Mother sent me to see how you are to-day."

"Open the door and come in!" said the wolf. "What have you brought in that basket?"

"Mother has sent you some cakes and butter," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"Put your basket down on that stool, and take off your cloak; then come and sit down on the bed, for I want to have a talk with you."

Little Red Riding Hood did as she was told, but did not take off the red hood.

She went to the bed and said, "It is too bad that you are so ill, dear grandmother." It was dark in the room, and she could not see very well, but at the same time she thought that a change had come over her grandmother.

"What makes you look so, grandmother?" she said.

"It must be the nightcap and the poor light in the room," said the wolf.

"What long arms you have, grandmother!"

"They are good arms to hug you with."

"What long ears you have, grandmother!"

"They are good ears to hear you with."

"What bright eyes you have, grandmother!"

"They are fine eyes to see you with."

"What big teeth you have, grandmother!"

"I think I shall eat you up," cried the wolf, opening his jaws to bite the little girl.

But she put her head down on the bed and cried, "Mother! mother!" The wolf sprang toward her and caught her bright red hood. Then he fell back on the bed as if in pain.

The little red hood had scared the wolf out of his wits. It was like one of those caps that you read about in some books, and no harm could come to any one who wore it.

As the wolf was running around the room to find his way out, the men were coming in to shoot him.

When the dear old grandmother came home, she was glad to find her little girl in the arms of a kind man. Then she took Little Red Riding Hood by the arm and led her home to her mother.

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER.

The bee buzzed up in the heat,
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed down from the heat.

And the bee buzzed up in the cold,
When the flower was withered and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It's the fall of the year
But come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

Indians turkey pie harvest

STORY OF THE PILGRIMS.

One cold night in November, Bess and Frank asked Aunt Fannie to tell them another story.

"I shall be glad to do so," said Aunt Fannie. "I will tell you a nice Thanksgiving story. We are glad to be in this warm house where the chilling winds cannot bite us.

"Many years ago the Pilgrims came to this country. They came in a small ship called the 'Mayflower.' It brought a band of brave men.

"They first landed at a place near Cape Cod. A brave soldier and his little band of men landed first. They were looking for a good place for their new home.

"In one place they saw that the ground had been dug up. They began to dig, and what do you think was hidden in the ground? It was an Indian basket of

corn. It was placed there by the Indians. This was the first time that they had seen corn. They took some of the corn with them to plant in the spring.

"This brave soldier and his men made many trips looking for a good place for their new home. At last they came to a place that they liked.

"This first winter was a very hard one for the Pilgrims. They did not have the right kind of food to eat, which made first one and then another sick.

"Many of the Pilgrims did not live to see the bright days of spring. At last the cold blighting winter was over. The singing birds came back from the warm south. The trees and the grass began to grow green.

"Then the Pilgrims planted their corn. They worked hard all summer, and when autumn came they had a fine harvest.

"Every day they gave thanks to God for their blessings.

"One day they said: 'God has been good to us. Let us set one day apart and have a big Thanksgiving feast.'

"What do you think they had for that big feast?

"The mothers made pies from the pumpkins, and cakes and bread from the corn.

"The fathers went hunting in the woods and came home with all the turkeys they wanted for the feast. Some men went to the shore and brought clams and fish.

"They asked the Indians to come to the feast. On the day of the feast the Indians came dressed in their best skins. They brought five big fat deer. Before they ate, the Pilgrims and Indians asked God's blessing on the feast.

"When night came, they had a good time playing games of all kinds.

"The Indians had such a good time that they did not go home for three days.

"But it was not all sunshine for the Pilgrims. There

was a time when they had very little food to eat. It was summer and the corn would not be ripe for many months. They caught fish, dug clams, and snared game.

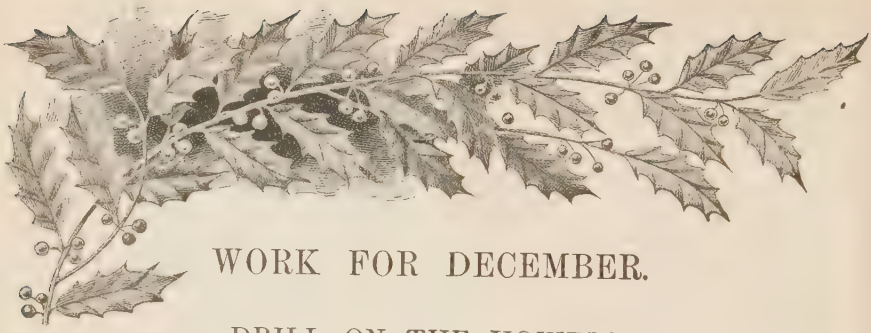
"Some nights many of them did not know where to find food when the morning came. The children pleaded for bread, but it was not to be had. Five grains of corn were at times all a boy had for his meal besides a clam or a crab. Strong men became faint for want of food. But they would not give up, for they trusted in God.

"Now I want to tell you of another feast that the Pilgrims had. They did not have as much to eat at this Thanksgiving feast as they did at the first.

"They did not have any pumpkin pies and turkeys. All they had on each plate were five grains of corn and some clams. They thanked God for giving that much for their feast.

"After that, at every Thanksgiving feast they put five grains of corn on each plate. They did that to make them think of the time when they did not have much to eat."

"When Thanksgiving time comes," said Frank, "I shall put five grains of corn on my plate just as the Pilgrims did. God gives us so much to make us happy that we should not forget Him."



WORK FOR DECEMBER.

DRILL ON THE VOWELS.

NEW VOWEL SOUNDS.

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THE FAMILIES

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ern	earch	irst	orth	urn
erd		irth	ork	urse
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		irt		

NEW BLEND WORDS.

her; fern, stern; herd.
heard; earn; learn; search.
fir, sir, stir; first.
mirth, birth; girl, whirl.
bird, third; skirt.
world; worth.
work; worse.
curl; turn, burn, spurn.
nurse, purse, curse; hurt.

Teach the following equivalents: —

ew = ū				ew = o͞o		
dew	few	mew	new	drew	grew	threw
stew	blew	flew		chew	yew	screw

To the Teacher. — When *ew* follows *r*, *ch*, or *y*, it is an equivalent of *oo*; when it follows any consonant except *r*, *ch*, or *y*, it is an equivalent of the long sound of *ū*.

MEMORY GEM FOR THE MONTH.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

In the hush of early morning,
When the red burns through the gray,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day,
Then we hear a fitful rustling
Just without upon the stair,
See two small white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good-will?
What sweet spells are these elves weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palms of peace from heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view;
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,

In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary
Of this innocent surprise;
Waiting, watching, listening always,
With full hearts and tender eyes,
While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome,—
"Merry Christmas, every one!"

---

matches

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

I.

It was a very cold day in winter, and it was fast growing dark. It was the last day of the old year.

A little girl was walking in the streets of a large city. She had no hat on her head, and her little bare feet were blue from the cold.

Her mother was a very poor woman, and so ill that she could not work; so the little girl had to go out every day and sell matches for a living.

On this last day of the year, no one had bought a match of her. No one thought of the poor little girl, and so she had to go home without a cent in her purse.

The little girl had not had anything to eat all day. The whirling snowflakes fell on her golden curls, but she did not think of that. She was thinking of her poor mother at home without anything to eat or any fire to keep her warm.

She would stop now and then to look at the bright lights in some of the big houses, and there was the smell of goose.

"This is the last night of the year," she thought, "and it will soon be New Year's Day."

She did not dare to go home. Besides, it was cold at home, too, and the wind and snow came in through the roof.

Her little hands were very cold, and she took a match and lighted it to warm them. The match gave a very bright light for a time, and she then thought she was sitting before an open fireplace.

She put out her feet to warm them: and then the light of the match went out.

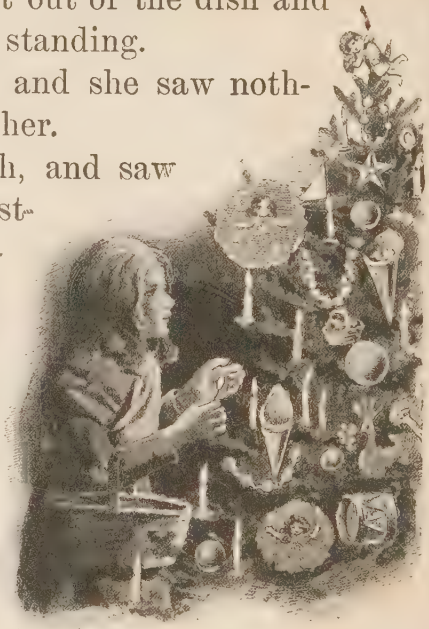
II.

Then the little girl lighted another match. The light fell on the wall of the house, and she could see through it a large room where a big fire was burning in a fireplace; she saw a pretty fern in a red pot standing on the table; there was a pretty bird in a golden cage; and in the room were some children with a kind nurse.

In that room was a table covered with a snow-white cloth. A big goose, stuffed with apples and plums, was on one end of the table. As she was looking at the goose, she thought that it got out of the dish and walked up to where she was standing.

Then her match went out, and she saw nothing but the bare wall before her.

She lighted a third match, and saw before her a beautiful Christmas tree. This tree was covered with many bright lights and pretty toys that looked down upon her. The little girl put out her hands to take them, and then — out went the match.



The bright lights on the Christmas tree looked like little stars. One of the stars fell and made a bright light. "Some one is dead," thought the child. She had heard her grandmother say that whenever a star falls some one goes to meet his God. Her grandmother had been dead a long time.

She lighted another match, and in the clear bright light she saw her grandmother standing before her.

"Grandmother, take me with you," cried the little girl. "Do not go away; I do not want to stay here in

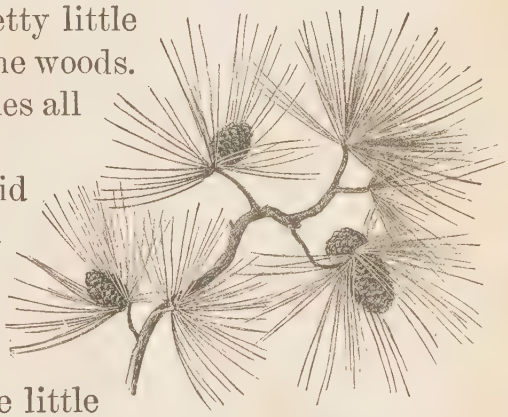
the cold; do take me with you. Do not go away like the New Year's goose and the beautiful Christmas tree."

Then she lighted all the matches that she had, for she wanted to keep her grandmother with her. And the dear old grandmother took the little girl in her arms, and upward they went into another world where there is a bright light that never fades. Never more would the little girl be cold; she was at last with God.

---

needle most

THE LITTLE PINE TREE.



There was once a pretty little pine tree that lived in the woods. It had long green needles all the year round.

The little pine tree did not like the needles and therefore was very unhappy.

"I do not like long green needles," said the little pine tree. "They are not as beautiful as the leaves of other trees. I should like to be the most beautiful tree in the woods. If I had my way, I should like to have leaves of shining gold."

Night came, and the little tree went to sleep thinking about the gold leaves. In the morning, how happy it was to find that it had gold leaves. "How beautiful I am!" it said. "See how my gold leaves shine in the sun! There is not another tree in the woods as fine and as beautiful as I am."

The little pine tree was not happy very long. That very night, a stern man going through the woods with a bag, saw the leaves and picked every leaf from the tree. He put the leaves in the bag and took them to his home.

Then the little tree was bare and had no leaves. It was very sad and unhappy. The other trees did not say a word to hurt the feelings of the sad little pine tree.

The little pine tree cried: "What shall I do now without any leaves? I find it is not well to have gold leaves, for everybody will want to have them. I think I could be happy if I had glass leaves, and then no one would care to take them away from me."

When the sun came up in the morning, the little pine tree looked at its glass leaves and thought: "How beautiful I am when the sun shines on me! I feel as if I could be happy now." But when the wind started to blow, the other trees only smiled at each other.

The little pine tree was not happy very long this time; for the strong wind shook all the glass leaves

from the tree to the ground. When night came there was not a leaf on the tree.

"First I had gold leaves, then I had glass leaves, and now I have no leaves," said the little tree. "I wish I might have green leaves like the other trees. I feel as if I then ought to be very happy."

The little tree went to sleep, feeling very sad and unhappy. When it awoke in the morning, how happy it was to find that it had beautiful green leaves like other trees.

That same morning a herd of goats came to the woods, searching for something to eat. When they saw the fresh green leaves, they ate every one of them. Once more the little tree was without a leaf.

Then it said to itself: "Gold leaves are very beautiful, but everybody wants them; glass leaves are pretty but the wind will shake them off; green leaves are good for other trees; but for me, pine needles are the best."

When it awoke in the morning, it was covered with long green needles. All the other trees in the woods were glad to see the pine tree so happy once more.

PANDORA'S BOX.

In a country, far away, there once lived a little boy who had no father nor mother. He lived alone in a little house. A strange man had left him there. He had no little boy or girl to play with him.

One day he was made very happy, when the same strange man came and left a little girl.

He grew very fond of his little playmate. She had a strange name; she was called Pandora.

What happy times the children had, playing all day long in the garden. They were without any care whatever. Pandora did not have to cook any food, for they ate the fruit that grew in the garden. They had oranges, grapes, and all kinds of fruit.

One day, Pandora came across a box, made of wood, in one of the rooms of the house. It was a very strange

looking box. It had a handsome face on the lid. Around the face were pretty flowers.

She wanted to know what was in the box, but she did not dare to open it. Day after day she looked at the box, and the more she looked at it the more she wanted to know what was in it.

At last she said to the boy, "Do tell me what is in that box."

"I cannot tell you," said the boy. "Do not let us talk about it; let us run into the garden and eat some of the fruit."

Pandora went into the garden, but all the time she was thinking of the box.

"What can be in that strange box?" she said to herself. "Can there be a new dress for me? Why does he not want to tell me about it?"

Day after day she talked to the boy about the box. At last the boy said, "I am sick of hearing you talk about the box."

"If you want me to stop talking about it, tell me what is in it," said Pandora.

"I do not know what is in it," said the boy; "a strange man came here one day and left it in the house."

"What kind of a man was he?" asked Pandora.

"He was a very odd looking man; he had wings on his cap, and wings on his feet."

"Oh, I know that man," said Pandora; "he is the man that brought me here. The box is for me; he left it for me. Come, my dear boy, let us open it at once."

"We must not do that," said the boy; "when the man comes back, he will open it for us. That will be time for us to see what is in it."

This made Pandora very cross. She would not play that morning, and the boy felt very sad and unhappy.

"If Pandora will not play with me, I shall go into the garden and play alone," said he to himself.

When Pandora was alone in the house she went and stood by the box and looked at it for a long time.

"What a pretty box it is!" she thought. "If I open it and look in, no one will know of it."

The little boy did not care for any of his games. He wanted Pandora to play with him; he was very unhappy without her.

He knew that Pandora liked flowers, so he thought he would pick some for her. Then he went into the house to give the flowers to his playmate.

Pandora did not hear him coming. At that time she was not thinking about the little boy.

He thought, "I will stand here and see what Pandora is doing." When he saw that Pandora was about to open the box, he said to himself, "I will stay here and see what is in it, too."

What do you think they saw coming out of that

strange box? It was a swarm of bees. They flew around the little boy and made him cry out, "O Pandora, I have been stung."

"So have I," said Pandora. "The room is full of bees!"

The bees stung everything in the room. Then they flew out and stung everybody and everything they met. They stung the pretty flowers, and made them fade. They stung the fruit; they stung the grass, and made it turn yellow. They made everything look as if a curse had come over the world.

"Why did I open the box?" cried Pandora. "Why did I let those bees come and sting us?"

By and by a little tap was heard on the inside of the box. "Let me out," said some one from within.

"I will not open the box," said Pandora.

"If you will let me out I will make the world bright once more."

"If I were you I would open the box," said the little boy.

Pandora lifted the lid. What do you think came out this time? No, it was not a swarm of bees; it was a very pretty thing with wings. It flew round the room; and Pandora and the boy did not feel the stings any more.

"Who are you?" said Pandora.

"I am Hope. I have come to fill the world with

mirth and sunshine. Without me life would not be worth living. I give hope to everybody."

"Do not go away from us; do not leave this world," said Pandora.

"Yes, stay with us," said the little boy. "You are needed in this world. We cannot do without you. If you go away, joy will go with you. Life will not be worth living."

"Sweet Hope, do stay with us and brighten this world," said Pandora.

And from that day sweet Hope never went away; she is in the world to-day. Did you ever meet her?

HOW CHRISTMAS IS KEPT IN OTHER LANDS.

"Christmas will soon be here," said Aunt Fannie, "and if it is your wish, I will tell you how it is kept in other lands."

"That will be nice," said Frank, "and if you will wait, I will call all the other children into the house to hear it."

"First," said Aunt Fannie, "I want to tell you about a country called Norway far away over the sea.

"In that country no one can quarrel or be cross on that day. All quarrels must be made up on Christmas day. They look upon that day as a time to be merry.

"Christmas is a day of feasting. The kind mothers make pies and cakes and many other good things to eat. Any one can go into the house without being asked and get what he wants to eat.

"In our country, if you have a gift for a friend, you send it to his home, wishing him a merry Christmas. But in Norway they throw their gifts through the windows when no one is looking.

"They do not forget the birds on that day. They want them to have a merry Christmas, too. They set a tall pole in the ground and place a sheaf of wheat on the top of it."

"That is a nice thing to do," said Frank, "and I shall do the same thing when Christmas comes."

"That is right, Frank," said Aunt Fannie. "When we are having a happy time with our Christmas tree we must not forget the poor little birds who have to look in the snow for their meal.

"In another far-away country they do not hang up their stockings on the night before Christmas as we do. There the boys and girls put their shoes in the window for Noel to fill.

"Bess," said Aunt Fannie, "what do we call the dear old man who comes to see us at Christmas time and fills our stockings?"

"Why, Aunt Fannie, we call him Santa Claus.'

"The children in France call him Noel."

"I do not care what he is called," said Bess, "if he only comes and brings a pack full of pretty things for us."

"In Spain, the children hide their shoes. Then old Santa Claus, or Noel, or whatever you want to call him, has to hunt for them. He comes with a silver bell in one hand and a basket of sweetmeats in the other."

"Does Noel ever fail to find the shoes?" asked Bess.

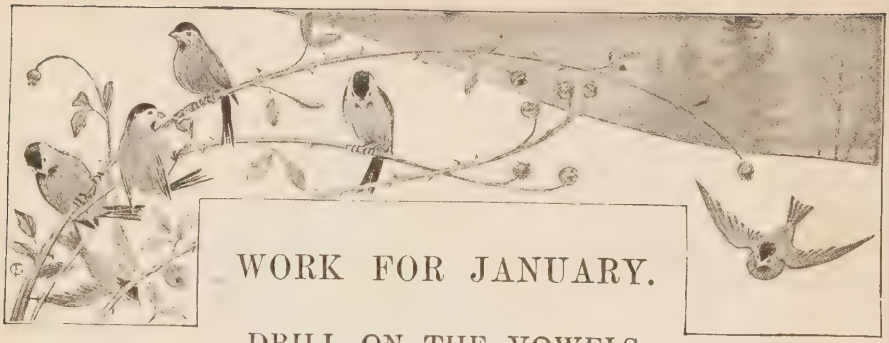
"Oh, no," said Aunt Fannie. "He is a very wise old man and knows where to find them. When he finds them he fills them with sugar plums.

"In Germany they make a big time of Christmas. In that country they think that all days of the year were made for Christmas. There they have Christmas tales, Christmas plays, and Christmas songs. They go through the streets, from house to house, singing their merry songs.

"Why should they not be merry? It is the time when we should show our good will to each other.

"In Germany you will find a Christmas tree, even if it is only a very small one, in each house.

"We can get some beautiful thoughts from the Christmas tree. The evergreen tree makes us think of life. The lights on the tree make us think of Him who is the light of the world. While the gifts should turn our thoughts to God, who gives us everything to make life happy."



WORK FOR JANUARY.

DRILL ON THE VOWELS.

NEW VOWEL SOUNDS.

ou and ow

THE FAMILIES.

ow out
own ound
oud

NEW BLEND WORDS.

mow, bow, how, cow, scow, prow, brow.
town, down, drown, frown.
shout; found, mound, round, sound, bound, wound, ground.
loud, cloud, proud.

NEW VOWEL SOUNDS.

oy and oi

THE FAMILIES.

oy oise
oist oil

NEW BLEND WORDS.

boy, toy, Roy, joy.
noise, poise.
moist.
boil, soil, toil, spoil.

ȳ = ī

Teach that when *y* is the only vowel and terminal of a monosyllable it is sounded like *i* long, *e.g.* —

bȳ, crȳ, trȳ, drȳ, flȳ, frȳ, skȳ, trȳ.

MEMORY GEM FOR THE MONTH.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds, new-roofed with Carrara,
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow birds;
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that removed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—James Russell Lowell

A SNOWSTORM IN THE COUNTRY.

"Oh, look at the snow!" said Roy one winter's morning. "It must have been snowing all night. Everywhere you look you see big mounds of snow."

"I thought it would snow," said Kate, "by the way the sky looked last night; not a star, not a bit of blue sky could be seen."

"I like to look at the snowflakes as they come down," said Roy, "they look like flocks of little white birds

see how they fill the air, and yet they do not make any noise."

"Yes," said Kate, "see how they cover the ground with a soft white carpet. How pretty they look as they hang to the trees."

"I like a big snowstorm," said Roy. "Then the old paths are covered with snow and I have fine fun digging new ones. They make the gate posts look like tall soldiers with white hats on."

"Roy, do you see the old corn basket by the barn?"

"Yes, Kate, I do. It is upside down and looks like a little snow house with a round roof."

"I am glad that the cows are in the shed under the haymow and not out in this howling storm," said Kate.

"Oh, look at the little snowbirds; they do not mind the storm at all! Kate, how can these little birds live in the snow? What do they get to eat when the snow is on the ground? When I go out to the barn I will throw some grain on the snow for them to eat."

"Roy, what is snow?"

"At one time a snowflake was part of a cloud," said Roy. "As these clouds were sailing in the sky, a very cold wind caught them and turned them into ice dust. As this ice dust fell to the earth, it became beautiful flakes of snow.

"The snowflakes cannot stay long on the ground. When the warm sun comes, they are turned into water

and go back to their home in the clouds. Now, Kate, will you tell me of what use is snow?"

"Snow keeps the ground warm; it keeps the plants and seeds from the frost. Then, when spring comes

they can sprout and show their green leaves once more. In some parts of the world men make their houses of ice and snow. Roy, can you tell me the name of any cold country where they do this?"

"Yes, I can, for our teacher told us about it one day at school. The name of that strange country is Greenland. There they have snow and ice all the year round. I would not like to live in such a cold country."

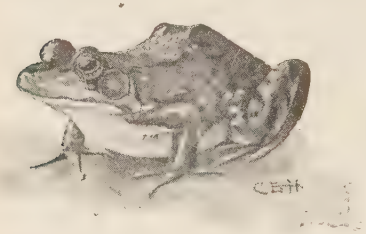
THE FROG, THE MOUSE, AND THE HAWK.

One day a frog met a mouse that was on the prow of a scow on the bank of the pond.

"I am glad to meet you, Miss Mouse," said the frog. "Will you go home with me? I would like to show you the many beautiful things that I have in my home down

in the pond. If you have never been down deep in the pond it will be a nice treat for you. I have many nice things there for you to eat; you shall have a nice meal with me."

"I would like to go with you to see your home, Mr. Frog, but I cannot swim very well," said the mouse.



"Do not mind that," said the frog, "I will show you how; I will soon teach you how to swim. With this red string I will bind your foot to mine. Then you cannot drown."

The frog was only thinking of the fun he would have when he reached the pond.

Soon they started off, singing. When they reached the water, the frog bound one foot of the mouse to his foot. He wound it with a red string as he said he would do.

Then the frog poised in a proud way on his hind feet and leaped into the water. How fast he went through the water, first this way and then that.

"Oh, what fun we are having!" he said. It was not much fun for Miss Mouse. "Stop! stop!" she cried, "I shall drown."

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Frog, "do not let us spoil our fun now. Let us take one more turn around the pond."

The mouse was too weak to speak any more. She was drowned, and her body floated on the water.

By and by, a chicken hawk, flying over the pond on his way home, saw the body of the mouse. The hawk flew down, took the mouse in his claws, and flew away over the brow of the hill to his home; but he took the frog too.

It was not fun for the poor frog now. It was his turn to feel sad, and to beg for his life. "Stop! stop! Mr. Hawk!" he cried. "Let me go back to my home in the pond. You do not want to take me with you. It is the mouse that you want for a meal for the little hawks at home."

"That is right," said the hawk. "I took the mouse, but I am very fond of frogs, too. I will give the mouse to the little hawks, but I shall eat you myself."

Soon the hawks had eaten the frog and the mouse.

The mean trick that the frog played on the mouse did not end well for himself. Mean tricks never end well for those who play them.

Those who play tricks on others may in time have them played upon them. Do to others as you would have others do to you.

THE FOOLISH MILKMAID.

A milkmaid did her work so well that one day the milkman gave her a pail of milk. She was told that she could sell the milk and buy something for herself.

The girl put the pail of milk on her head and started for the town. She was thinking, as she was going along, that if she could sell the milk for a good price, she would in turn buy some eggs.

"I will put the eggs under the old gray hen, and she will hatch a fine brood of chickens," she said to herself. "Every day I shall feed my chickens till they grow to be fine fat hens.

"I will sell my fat hens and buy a new dress. I think I will buy a green one. I think I look well in green. Yes, that's what I'll do. How fine I shall look in a green dress!

"All the milkmaids will want one like mine. They will have a frown on their face when they see me in my new dress.

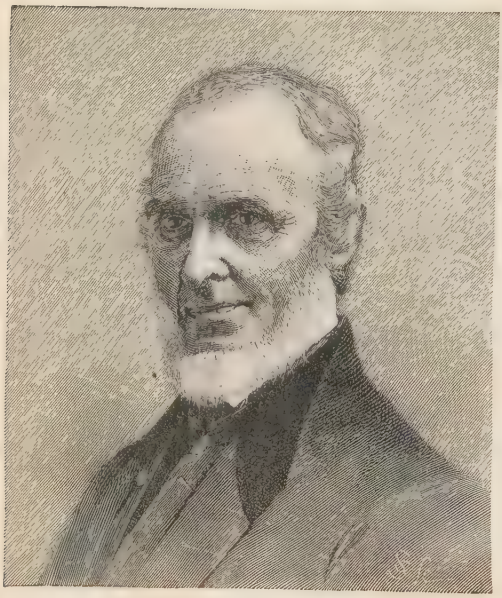
"How proud the young men will be to walk home with me. Then I shall not bow or speak to any of the milkmaids on the farm.

"When I pass them I shall not even look at them. I will toss my head — like this."

She gave her head a toss and down came the pail of milk. All the milk was spilled on the ground. She sat down on the ground and cried. It does not pay to cry over spilled milk.

COPY AND MEMORIZE.

There's no place like home.
The night is long that never finds the day.
'Tis God that keeps me through the night.
He will keep me through the day.



John Greenleaf Whittier.

We will now read about a little boy who at one time lived "way down East." His name was John Greenleaf Whittier.

Young Whittier did not go by his first name; his father, mother, brother, and sisters called him "Greenleaf." He was named after his grandmother, whose name was Greenleaf.

Greenleaf lived in an old farmhouse. Back of the house was a high hill, and from the brow of this hill not another house could be seen.

Greenleaf had very bright black eyes. He was a very happy little boy. As his father was a poor man, he had very few toys. He had to go barefoot in summer time.

He played all day long with the horses and sheep; he was fond of all animals, and was very kind to them.

He liked to talk to the birds, the flowers, and the

brook. He had many beautiful thoughts about these things, and he wrote them down in a little book.

The old farmhouse in which Greenleaf lived had an open fireplace with a long crane from which the pots hung to boil. In the hall stood an old and tall clock.

When Greenleaf was seven years old he went to a country school. This school was not like the schools of to-day.

He had to sit on a slab, called a bench, where his feet could not reach the floor. The schoolhouse was made of logs and had only one room. Whenever the boys and girls had to read they stood up in a line. They did not have such books as you have now.

Whittier's home.

One day, when the spelling class was standing in a line, Greenleaf missed a word. A little girl who was standing below him spelled the word and had to go ahead of him.

This made a cloud come over Greenleaf's bright face. The little boy was very sad. He did not go home with the other boys.

When he went out of the schoolhouse he found the

little girl waiting for him. The sun was shining on her golden curls. She told Greenleaf that she did not want to take the place ahead of him in the line. Can you tell why? Some day ask your teacher to read the poem called "In School Days" that he wrote about her, and then you will know why.

And so John Greenleaf Whittier grew to be a big boy. He went to school in the winter and tilled the soil of his father's farm in summer. When he became a man he wrote many pretty poems about his school, the brook, and his life as a boy.

In those days, there were many slaves in this country. Mr. Whittier did not think it right for any man to have slaves. He wrote many poems to show that it was not right to hold slaves.

One day, some one asked him to write a poem about his boyhood home. When he was a child there was a very big snowstorm.

It snowed for two nights and a day. In the morning, when Greenleaf looked out, everything was white. He could see nothing but snow and sky. So Mr. Whittier wrote a poem about that snowstorm and called it "Snow Bound."

All boys and girls like to read his poems. Many men and women like to read them, too.

When Mr. Whittier grew to be a very old man, God, the Father of us all, called him to live with Him.

THE BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

Where did you get that little ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you and so I am here.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

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chariot bridal veil

LINDU AND THE NORTHERN LIGHT.

One winter's night Aunt Fannie and the children were out walking. They stopped now and then to look at the stars. Frank was delighted to learn their names. He could tell the North Star and knew where to look for the evening star and many others.

"What do you call that belt of light that goes from one end of the sky to the other?" asked Bess.

"That," said Aunt Fannie, "is the Milky Way. The Indians thought it was the path that led them to the happy hunting ground. It has many other names, but I will tell you a pretty story about it, and then you will not forget it.

"It is about a little girl that lived many, many years ago. Her name was Lindu. God made Lindu. He

made her a beautiful girl. He said she should have charge of the birds and should see that the men did not harm or kill them.

"When the men came to kill the birds she sent a strong wind that blew dust into their eyes.

"The North Star saw that Lindu was beautiful and wished to make her his bride. But Lindu did not love nor even care for him.

"She said: 'You are too far away and always stay in the same place. No, Mr. North Star, I do not love you.'

"Then the moon became bold and asked her to become his bride. To him she said: 'No, Mr. Moon, I do not like you. You do not always have the same face, and besides, you always go along the same road.'

"Then the sun thought he could win Lindu for his bride. But she said the same thing to him: 'I do not love you.'

"Then the Northern Light came in a golden chariot. When Lindu saw the golden chariot, she fell in love with him.

"She said she would become his loving bride when the birds flew to the south.

"A beautiful stream in the hills sent her a pure white bridal veil. The Frost King sent her a fine lace cape.

"The birds brought her a beautiful dress made of the wings of butterflies. Her shoes were made of the wings of the honeybees.

"Spring and summer came and went. But the Northern Light did not come to see his beautiful bride.

"Lindu looked every night to see him coming in his golden chariot, but he did not come. Then poor Lindu wept.

"From her tears sprang the little flowing brooks. Even the birds could not make her happy. Then they flew away to make their nests.

"Lindu did not think about the birds. So many an egg was lost. Her thoughts were on the Northern Light.

"When the winds saw how unhappy she was, they said: 'Let us help poor Lindu. Let us take her in our arms and lift her from the ground. Let us take her high up into the sky.'

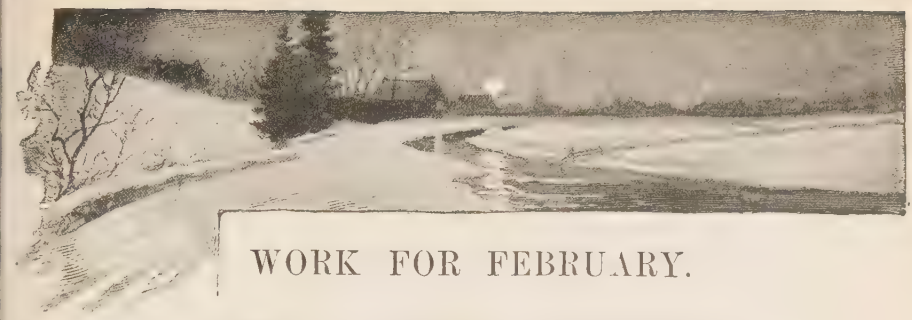
"And there she has lived to this day.

"Her bridal veil spreads from one end of the sky to the other. Whenever you see the Milky Way, you see poor Lindu in her bridal dress.

"From her place in the sky she looks after the birds, and now and then waves her white hand to the Northern Light.

"She is always beautiful and happy, for she is where she can see the Northern Light and throw a sweet kiss to him when he comes out in his golden chariot."

—Adapted from the Russian.



WORK FOR FEBRUARY.

MEMORY GEM FOR THE MONTH.

IN FEBRUARY.

The birds have been singing to-day,
And saying: "The spring is near.
The sun is as warm as in May,
And the deep blue heavens are clear."

The little bird on the boughs
Of the somber snow-laden pine
Thinks, "Where shall I build my house,
And how shall I make it fine?"

For the season of snow is past;
The mild south wind is on high;
And the scent of the spring is cast
From his wing as he hurries by.

The little birds twitter and cheep
To their loves on the leafless larch;
But seven foot deep the snow-wreaths sleep,
And the year hath not worn to March.

—John Addington Symonds.

The terminals — er, est.

long er	sing er	bright er	tall est
near er	din ner	larg er	high est

THE TOWN BAND.

THE DONKEY, THE DOG, THE CAT, AND THE ROOSTER.

I.

A man owned a donkey that had grown so old that it could not work any longer for a living. One day, this donkey overheard his master say that he was to be sold.

"I will not stay here," thought the donkey. "I will run away along the highway to the city. I will go to the city and play in the street band." Then he ran from the barn as fast as his feet could take him.

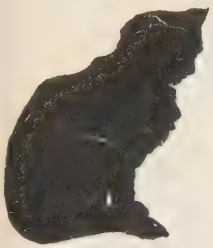
He had not run very far when he found a dog lying on the ground by the roadside.

"My dear dog, why are you panting so?" asked the donkey.

"Oh," said the dog, "now that I am old and cannot hunt for my master, he says I must be killed. So I have run away from my old home."

"Will you go with me?" said the donkey.

"I am going to the city to play in the street band. I will play on the flute and you can beat the big drum."



So off they went, talking about their plans.

In a little while they saw a cat, with a long, sad face, sitting in the road.

"My dear Mrs. Cat, what makes you look so sad to-day?" asked the donkey.

"How can I be happy and have a smile on my face?" said the cat. "I fear that my master will take my life. I am getting too old to catch the rats and mice; in my old days I like to sleep by the fireside. But this morning I heard my master tell the farm boy to drown me, and I ran away from my home."

"Come with us to the city," said the donkey. "I have heard you sing many times very late at night, and you can be in our street band."

"I shall be very happy to go with you," said the cat.

After a very long walk they came to a farmyard. The farmer was asleep in bed. On the swing-gate sat a rooster, crowing with all his might.

"Why are you sitting there and making such a noise?" asked the donkey

"I will tell you all about it," said the rooster. "I

heard the cook say last night that I am to be killed for the Sunday dinner. I do not want to be killed, and so I am here, making all the noise I can."

"How would you like to run away with us?" said the donkey. "We are going to the city. You are a very fine singer and can be in our band."

"I should like to go with you," said the rooster, and off the four went along the highway.

II.

They could not reach the city the first day. Night came on as they were still in the woods.

"Let us stay here all night," they said; and the donkey, the dog, and the cat lay down under a chestnut tree.

The rooster flew to the top branch of the tree. From his high roost he could see everything; he shouted to the donkey, "I see a light far away."

The donkey said that the light must come from a house. "We will go to this house. It may be a good place for us to stop for the night."

"Let us run there at once," said the dog. "I should like to have a bone or some meat for my supper."

The light grew brighter and larger as they came nearer to it. When they reached the place they saw that the light came from a high window. The donkey, being the tallest of the four, went to the house, but he could not reach the window.

"What can we do, so we can see what is in that room?" said the cat.

At last they thought of a good plan.

The donkey stood under the window. The dog stood on the donkey's back. The cat stood on the dog's back, and the rooster flew up and stood on the cat's head.

"Can you see now?" asked the donkey.

"Oh, yes. I can see very well," said the rooster.

"Then tell us what you see in the room," said the donkey.

"I see," said the rooster, "four men feasting and drinking. They have meats and drinks."

"That ought to be our supper," said the dog.

"I wish I were there," said the cat.

"We must think of some plan to drive these men away," said the rooster.

At last the donkey thought of a good plan. "When I say one, two, three, we must make all the noise we can."

What a startling noise they made! The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crowed.

When the men heard that strange noise, they ran from the house as fast as they could go.

III

Then the donkey, the dog, the cat, and the rooster went into the house. When they had eaten their supper, each sought a good place to sleep.

The donkey lay down on some straw in the front yard. The dog went to sleep behind the door. The cat curled herself near the warm fireplace. The rooster flew to the highest round of a ladder. It was not very long till they were all fast asleep.

Near midnight one of the men came back to the house. It was dark and still within. He went into the house to make a light.

He was standing near the cat. The cat's eyes looked like big balls of fire. He thought he would light his match with the live coals.

The cat did not like this and flew at once into his face. The man did not stop to make his light. He ran to the door, but the dog who lay there sprang at him and bit him on the leg. The donkey gave him a kick as he ran through the yard. Then the rooster crowed with all his might.

These men never went back to the house. The donkey, the dog, the cat, and the rooster liked their new home so well that they gave up every thought of going to the city. And there they are to this day, living in the little house in the woods.

— Grimm Brothers (Adapted).

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

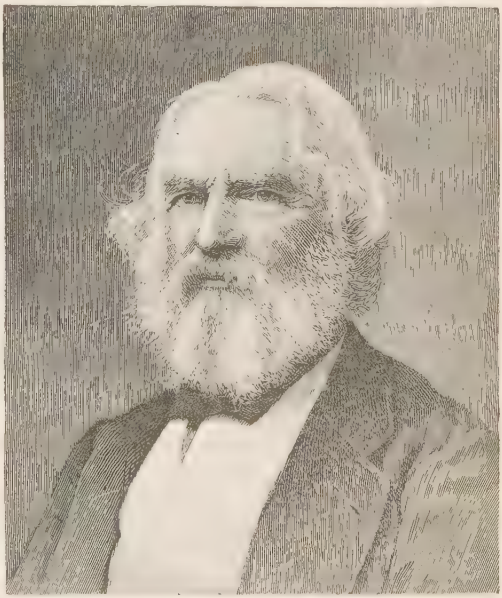
The terminal — ly.

come ly man ly sick ly

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I.

HIS BOYHOOD DAYS.



Henry W. Longfellow.

It is said that Longfellow was very bright when he was a little boy. He was a very comely child. He had clear blue eyes and chestnut-brown hair.

All his life he was very fond of anything that God made. This is why he wrote such beautiful thoughts about his country life.

His boyhood days were spent in a fine old house that stood near some grand old oaks. The oaks were much older than the house in which he lived. He wanted to grow to be as strong as the oaks.

His father and mother trained him in the way that

all young men should go. He grew to be as strong as the oaks in everything that was good and manly.

When the warm summer days came he played like other boys in the fields with ball and bat. He was a good swimmer and a fine rower. He was very fond of all out-of-door sports. This is why he grew to be very strong and not sickly.

When winter came he was on the hill with his sled or on the ice with his playmates.

He would not kill the birds that sang for him in the woods. The birds, the trees, the wind, and the flowers gave him many beautiful thoughts.

When he was a very young lad he was sent to school, where he grew very fond of his books. He wrote his first poem when a schoolboy.

When he grew to be a man he wrote many poems about his boyhood days.

II.

HIS LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

When Longfellow grew up to be a man he became a poet. The many beautiful thoughts that the wind, the flowers, the trees, and the birds gave him he wrote into beautiful poems.

He has been called the children's poet. He has and ever will have the love of all children.

When Longfellow was a boy he passed a blacksmith's

shop every day on his way to school. The shop stood under a big, spreading chestnut tree. Every day he would stop and look at the smith at his work.

The smith had very strong arms. It made the poet think of the strong oak tree. Whenever he looked at those strong arms, it made him feel as if he wanted to do some beautiful deed.

Longfellow's home.

One day the chestnut tree was cut down. The school children of his town bought some of the wood. They had this wood made into a beautiful armchair. Then when Longfellow was a very old man, the children gave him the armchair on his birthday.

It made the grand old poet happy to think that the children thought of him on his birthday. It made the children very happy, too.

The poet sent each child a poem of thanks. He said in the poem that the chair made him think of his boyhood days.

He was very happy to have the children call on him. He lived in a grand old house that was at one time the home of Washington.

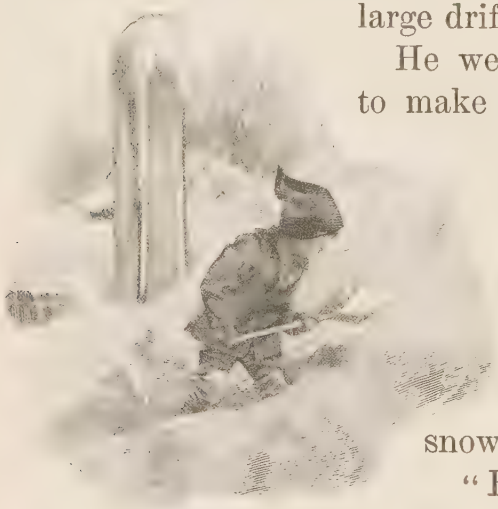
The terminal — y.

pluck y luck y

THAT'S HOW.

One night in winter, the snow fell fast and the wind piled it up in large drifts.

When little Roy got up in the morning, he found a large drift near the well.



He went to work with a will to make a path through the big snow bank. He had only a small wooden spade to do it with.

When his father saw him at work he said, "How will you ever get through that big snow bank?"

"By keeping at it," said Roy. "That's how." And the plucky little boy did keep at it till he had dug a path through the bank.

Roy was right. He not only made a path through the snow bank, but he will make his way through the world.

Have you a hard task to learn? Do not spend your time crying and saying, "I can't learn it." Go at it at

once, and keep at it. That is the only way to overcome any hard task. There is no such thing in this world as luck. The plucky boys are the lucky boys every time.

You may be asked to do something which may seem very hard at first, but by keeping at it you will win in time.

Think how little Roy made a path through a big snow bank with a little wooden spade by "keeping at it." "That's how."

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I will employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play;
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell:
Whatever I do, I will do it well.

"Little by little I'll learn to know
The stored-up wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days perhaps we'll see
That the world will be the better for me."
And do you not think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and useful man?

WORK FOR MARCH.

MEMORY GEM FOR THE MONTH.

MARCH.

The stormy March is come at last
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
In joy that they again are free,
And, brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew thy journey to the sea.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

— William Cullen Bryant.

The es *family.*

miss es ax es fox es plac es sledg es branch es

THE FOX, THE BEAR, AND THE FARMER.

I.

Once upon a time a poor old farmer was in need of some firewood. So he set out with his horse and sledge to the woods.

In the woods he met a big black bear who said, "Out with your horse or I will kill all your sheep."

"Oh dear," said the farmer, "there is not a stick of firewood in the house. You must first let me take home a load of firewood. I will bring the horse back in the morning. I will meet you near this pile of branches."

"If you will do as you say, I will let you take the wood home, but if you do not come back, I will kill all your sheep," said the bear.

So the man loaded his sledge with wood and started homeward. He was very unhappy. Soon he met a fox. "Why, what makes you look so unhappy to-day?" said

the fox. "Well, if you want to know," said the man, "I will tell you. I met a big black bear in the woods just now, who said that if I did not take back my horse for him in the morning, he would kill all my sheep."

"Is that all that makes you look so sad?" said the fox. "If you will give me your fattest sheep, I will save you from the bear."

The farmer was only too happy to do that, if he could save his old horse.

"When you meet the bear in the woods," said the fox, "I will make a noise in the pile of branches near by; and when the bear asks what it is, you must say, 'Tis Sam, the marksman, who never misses his mark.' Then I will do the rest."

II.

In the morning the farmer started for the woods, where he found the bear waiting for him.

"Have you seen any bears around here?" shouted some one from the pile of brush.

"Say no! say no!" said the bear.

"No, I have not seen any," said the man.

"What is that standing by your sledge?" came from the pile of brush.

"Say it's an old log for the fireplace," said the bear.

"It's only an old log," said the farmer.

"In our country, we roll such logs on our sledges," came from the pile of brush. "I'll come and help you if you cannot do it yourself."

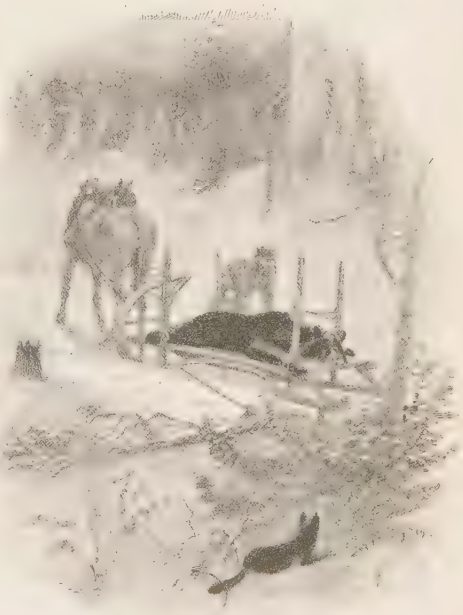
"Say that you can do it yourself," said the bear.

"No, thank you," said the farmer, "I can do it myself;" and he rolled the bear upon the sledge.

"We bind such big logs fast to our sledges in our country," came from the brush pile. "Shall I help you?"

"Say, 'No,' and bind me fast," said the bear.

"No, thank you," said the farmer, "I do not need any help."

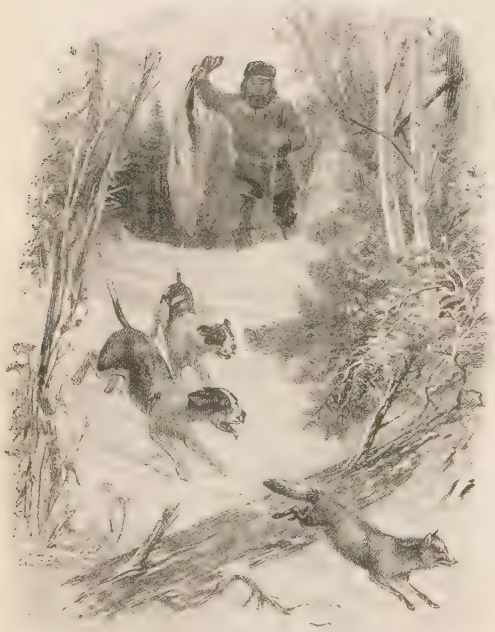


Then he set to work and bound the bear so tight that he could not move a paw.

"In our country, we drive our axes into the log, for then we can steer the sledge in going down the steep places."

"Don't drive your ax into me," said the bear; "let him just think that you do;" but the farmer took up his ax and killed the bear at the first blow.

Out from the brush pile ran the fox in high glee. "Now for that fat sheep," said he, as the man started homeward. "I don't think I will go home with you, for I do not care to meet your dogs. I will wait here for you to bring the sheep to me — but mind, get me a nice fat one."



When the farmer reached home, his wife was very happy to see that he had the old horse with him, and the bear on the sledge. He soon told her how it had come about, and how the fox was waiting for a fat sheep as his pay for his part of the trick.

"He shall have no sheep of mine," said his wife. 'He has killed more of my chickens than the sheep is worth many times over. He has taught you how to

trick the bear; let Mr. Fox see how he would like to have one of his own tricks played upon him. Take two of our fleetest hounds in a bag; slip them loose, and we shall soon be rid of this tricky fox."

The farmer thought that this was a good plan; so he took two of his fleetest hounds in a sack and set off for the place where the fox was waiting.

"You have come at last," said the fox, smacking his lips. "Now where is the fat sheep for my dinner?"

Then the farmer opened the sack and let slip the two hounds.

"A trick! a trick!" cried the fox. "I have been beaten at my own tricks. It was I who taught him a trick, and now he wants to teach me one." And away he went bounding through the woods with the hounds at his heels.

Foxes are very sly, but sometimes they fall into their own traps.

The es *family continued* — ness.

like ness good ness

GOD IS NEAR.

It is God who made all things. He made the earth and he made the sun, and the moon, and the stars that shine above us.

God made the beasts that roam over the earth, and the birds that fly in the air, and the fish that swim in the rivers, the lakes, and the sea. He made man in his own likeness.

God makes the tender grass to grow, as well as the tall trees of the woods; and he sends the rain and the dew to water them and the sun to warm them. He gives us all our food.

If he did not take care of the beasts and the birds and also the fish, and the grain that we sow and the seeds that we plant, all of them would die; and then we should die also.

But God not only takes care of us, and all things around us, but he is also near us at all times. He sees us now. He sees all that we do, and he knows all our thoughts. He knows all things.

We should thank God for all his goodness to us. We should pray to him, and ask him to keep us from sin and to bless us.

— Adapted.

The es *family continued* — less.

thought less thank less friend less

A FRIEND IN NEED.

I was a thoughtless boy and very fond of play. When I was not at school I was always at my games. Whenever my mother asked me to do anything that

took me away from my games, it made me very cross and hateful.

One night, at supper, my mother asked me to take a basket of food and some wood to a very poor woman who lived a mile or two away. She said the woman was very poor and in want at this time.

It was winter, and there was fine skating on the pond. I knew that all my playmates would be there. On my way to Mrs. White's house, I met some of them with their skates on their arms. They wanted me to go with them and have a good time on the ice.

I told them that I could not go at that time, as I had to go to Mrs. White's for my mother.

"You wouldn't catch me doing such a thankless thing," said Ross Brown; "I would let her get her own wood."

"If I were you," said Ned Green, "I would go skating first, and then you will have time to go to see Mrs. White."

"Skating will not last very long," said one, "and besides, you can go to see Mrs. White any day."

The boys did not have to say another word. I hid the basket and wood and was soon on the pond, where there were many men and boys having a fine time.

It was a clear moonlight night, and the air rang with shouts of the skaters. At first I was not very happy; my mother's words, "Go at once," were ringing in my

ears. But it was not long before I forgot about Mrs. White, and the time passed away so swiftly that before I knew it the town clock had struck ten.

It was too late to go to see the poor woman that night. Then I ran home, and went to bed without seeing my mother. It was the first time that I ever went to bed without saying "good night" to my mother.

In the morning my mother said to me, "Well, John, how did you find Mrs. White last night?"

My face became very red, and I did not dare to look my mother in the face. I hung my head in shame.

I shall never forget the look of pain on my mother's face when I told her the truth. She did not say an unkind word to me, but the sad look on her face told me all.

Once more I started for Mrs. White's. When I came to the house, I found it to be an old hut.

I gave a gentle rap on the door; no one came to let me in. So I opened the door softly and went in, and what a sight.

All alone on her little bed lay the poor woman, with no food and no fire to keep her warm. The snow, sifted by the wind through the cracks, had covered the floor.

When I saw this sad sight, I made up my mind to be good and kind to the poor.

"Mrs. White, here are some things that my mother has sent you," said I, showing the basket.

"How thankful I am that you have come," she said. "How good He is to send me such a friend in need, and how kind your mother is to send me these things just now. Last night as I lay here so cold, without food, I thought I should not live to see another day."

"I have brought you some wood, too," said I, "and it is at your door. I will get it, and make a fire for you."

I ran for the wood, and soon had a fire made for her. The sight of that poor woman in need and pain made a change come over my feelings.

I was a happy boy once more. I felt that I was doing all that I could for one in need. The poor old woman called me to her bedside to thank me for my kindness.

"I cannot reward you," she said, "but God can." From that very day I made up my mind to be a better boy. I told my playmates about the wants of poor Mrs. White.

It was not long before we had a big pile of wood on our sleds for the poor old woman. She never knew what it was to be friendless from the day the boys started the "Lend a Hand Club."

COPY AND MEMORIZE.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

God sees all things.

piece great

THE COMING OF SPRING.

Dear mother, guess what I have heard,
Oh, it will soon be spring!
I'm sure it was a little bird;
Mother, I heard him sing.

Look at this little piece of green!
That peeps out from the snow,
As if it wanted to be seen, —
'Twill soon be spring I know.

And, oh come here, come here, and look!
How fast it runs along;
Here is a sparkling little brook;
Do hear its pretty song!

I love to think of what you said,
Mother, to me last night,
Of this great world that God has made
So beautiful and bright.

—American Second Reader.

FIVE PEAS IN A POD.

There were five peas in one pod. They were green, and the pod was green, and so they thought that all the world was green.

The pods grew and the peas grew. They were sitting all in a row inside the green pod.

The peas were growing bigger each day and became more thoughtful for something they must do.

"Are we to sit here forever?" asked one. "It seems to me that there must be something for us to do in the outside world."

As the days went by, the peas and the pod became yellow; then they thought that the world was turning yellow. Wouldn't you have thought so if you were one of those peas in a pod?

But one day a little girl came to the garden with a big tin pan. When she saw the yellow pods, she picked them and put them in her pan for dinner.

"Now we shall soon be opened," they said. "That is just what we are waiting for."

"I should like to know which one will see the most of this world," said the smallest pea.

Crack! the pod was opened at last. All of the five peas rolled into the warm sunshine. There they lay in the little girl's hand.

Her little brother, seeing the

peas, said they would make fine peas for his bean-shooter. He put one into his bean-shooter and shot it out.

"Now I am flying out into the world. Catch me if you can," said the pea.

"I shall fly up to the sun," said the biggest pea. And away he went.

"We shall go to sleep wherever we go," said two of them, "but we shall roll on all the same."

"What is to be, will be," said the last. "I shall go where I am sent." He flew into a crack under a window. There he was held fast by the soft moss.

Within the house lived a poor woman, who went away to work every day. She had a little child who was so ill that she had to stay in bed all the time.

One morning, just as the sun was peeping into the window, she said, "Mother, what can that green thing be that looks in at the window?"

The mother went to the window and opened it.

"It is a pea vine, my child," she said, "and it is putting out its green leaves. It is growing from a crack in the side of the house. What a pretty little garden we shall have for you."

"I am so glad that it is there," said the child; "now I can have something to look at when you are away at your work."

Then the kind mother placed the bed of the sick child

nearer the window, so she could see the little plant growing day by day.

That same night the child said: "Mother, I think I shall get well. The sun has been so bright to-day and the pea is growing very fast. I shall grow strong too and go out into the bright sunshine." So she took good care of the plant, and it grew larger every day.

"Here is a flower coming," said the mother one morning.

It was not many days before the child sat up in the warm sunshine. The window was open and just outside was the little plant with a pretty pink blossom.

The child kissed the pretty flower.

"It was God who sent that pea here and made it grow just under my window," said the mother. "He made it grow to be a joy to you and me."

But what became of the other peas?

The one who said, "Catch me if you can," fell on the roof of the barn.

The two who were to go on rolling forever, rolled on the ground and were soon eaten by a rooster.

The one who wanted to go up to the sun fell into the kitchen sink and there lay for weeks; but the little pea that flew into the crack made a sick child very happy. The child stood at the window. She folded her arms over the blossom and thanked God for it.

—Hans Christian Andersen (Adapted).

The le *family.*

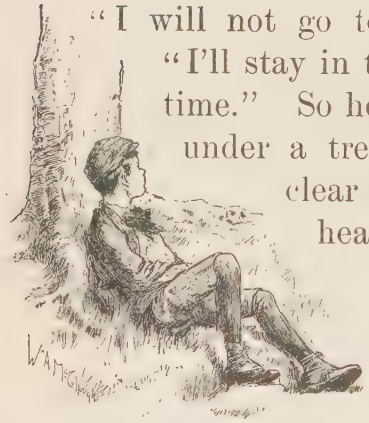
ble cle dle gle kle ple tle

ble — a ble, fa ble, ta ble.

THE STORY OF TOMMY AND THE CROWS.

A FABLE.

I.



"I will not go to school to-day," said Tommy. "I'll stay in the green fields and have a good time." So he sat down on a soft green bank under a tree. The sun was shining in a clear sky; the songs of the birds were heard on every side.

"I will not go to school; I do not like my book and slate as well as the green fields and pretty flowers; besides, this bank is softer than the seats in the schoolhouse."

Just as he said this he looked into a tree not far from the one under which he was sitting, and saw some crows on one of the branches. One of them was hard at work, making a nest with a lot of sticks.

"Here's a pretty boy!" said one of the crows; "he says he will not go to school." Then all began to say, "Caw! caw! caw!" as if they were making fun of Tommy.

"Well! what do you think of my work?" said the crow. "Look at my fine nest. What do you think of it, sir?"

"I dare say it is a very fine one, Mr. Crow," said Tommy, "but I should not like to live in it."

"You would not? well, you are only a boy and not as wise as a crow," said his new friend. The other crows cried, "Caw! caw! caw!" as if they thought so too.

"Do you know why a crow is wiser than a silly boy?" asked the crow, putting his head on one side and looking at Tommy with his bright, black eye.

"No," said Tommy; "I thought boys were wiser than crows."

"You thought!" said the crow. "That shows how much you know about it. Tell me, can you make a house for yourself?"

"No; I can not do so now, but when I am a man I can."

"Why can you not do it now?" said the crow, turning his head to the other side.

"Why, I have not learned how to make one," said the little boy.

"Ho! ho!" said the crow, flapping his wings, "he has to wait till he learns how to make a house. Here's a pretty boy!" All the crows when they heard this cried, "Caw! caw! caw!"

"No one taught me how to make my house," said the crow. "Just look at it, what a nice house it is. I brought all the sticks myself; I brought them in my mouth, but I do not mind hard work. I am not like a little boy that I know."

"But there are many things in this world besides houses," said Tommy.

"Yes, indeed," said the crow; "I was just thinking so. You need a coat as well as a house."

"That I do," said Tommy, "and I need a new one now. But you crows cannot wear coats."

"Who told you that?" said the crow. "Look at my coat and tell me if you ever saw a finer one than this black coat of mine. Could you make such a fine black coat as this?"

"No," said Tommy, "but I can learn."

"Yes, yes, you can learn, but that is the way with all silly boys; you must be taught everything that you are to do."

II.

Tommy felt that the crow had the best of it.

"Dear me," he said, "I never thought that crows were so wise."

"You may well say that," said the crow, who, with two others, was now sitting on a branch of the tree.

But the birds would not go and help her. They only made fun of her and called her a foolish little swallow. "The young flax is not up yet," they said. "When we see it growing in the field that will be time for us to listen to your tale of woe."

One day the swallow went to the field to see if the flax were growing. She said: "I will now return to the birds and tell them that the flax is up. I know that they will come this time to help me."

But they only made fun of her, and the flax kept growing taller day by day.

When the swallow saw how careless the birds were, she said, "I will not live any more among them in the woods." That is why she came to live among men and build her nest in barns.

Did you ever see a swallow's nest in a barn? If a swallow could speak, this is what she would say:

"Never delay to another day what you can do now."

Is not that a good lesson to learn from a little swallow?

—Adapted from the German.

WORK FOR APRIL.

MEMORY GEM FOR THE MONTH.

SPRING.

The alder by the river
  Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
  For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
  And oh, how sweet they sing,
To tell the happy children
  That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
  So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
  A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
  And scarlet columbine,

And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
Oh, happy little children,
God made them all for you.

—Celia Thaxter.

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dle—mid dle, sad dle, bri dle.

A PRESENT FOR LITTLE STANLEY.

Stanley was just nine years old in April. His mother told him that if he were a good boy she would give him a nice present on his birthday.

Stanley was very fond of horses; he liked to go with his Uncle Jack to see the horses on the farm.

Sometimes he would play that the chairs were his horses.

He would take the big armchair for the stage, and two other chairs for his team of horses.

He would hold the lines in his right hand; when the

horses did not go as fast as he wished, he would give them a whipping.

"Come, Browny, come, Sandy," he would say, "we must go faster or we shall not get to grandmother's till it is dark. It will not do for us to be out on the road on such a dark night."

Then Stanley would give the chairs such a strong pull as to make them stand on their hind legs.

When his mother saw how happy he was with his chair horses, she made up her mind to give him a toy horse for his birthday.

She placed the toy horse in the middle of the room before Stanley was up in the morning. She covered it with a cloth.

When Stanley came into the room his mother said, "Now, my dear boy, I want you to guess what is under the cloth."

The little boy did not know what to say to his mother.

"It is a present for you, my little man. Now give a good guess."

"It is a box of tools."

"No; guess once more."

"Is it a sled?"

"No."

"Is it a book?"

"No."

"I think it must be a dog."

"No, it is not a dog, but it is something that you have wished for many times."

"I cannot guess it, mother; you will have to tell me."

Then his mother lifted the cloth, and how Stanley opened his eyes at the sight of the horse.

"Oh, mother! it is a horse; just what I wanted for my birthday. Look, it has a long tail and a mane! And look, mother, it has a little saddle and a bridle, too. And best of all, it goes on rollers. I shall call my horse Billy."

And his mother was as happy as her little boy.

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tle — man tle, cat tle, bee tle.

gone

SPRING.

Spring has come.

March, April, and May are the three months of spring.

The ice has gone from the streams; the flowers are seen in the woods.

The willows by the brook have taken off their gray coats and have put on their dresses of pale green.

The crimson heads of the maple and redbud are with us once more.

All the trees will have to work very hard now, as they have their baby buds to feed.

The roots bring up the food to the old mother tree, and she in turn sends it through the branches to the buds.

How happy the trees seem; how pretty they look in their new spring dresses.

The frogs down in the pond have begun to sing their old time songs.

The beetles and the butterflies will soon be here.

Before the end of March many of the birds will have come back from the sunny south.

The large flocks of geese flying to the north tell us that April with her gentle rains has come.

The earth looks very pretty in her green mantle; the

yellow flowers are peeping through the green grass. The cattle in the stalls long for the green pasture.

This is the time of year when men are at work in the garden. They plant the seeds, and then wait for the gentle rains to make them grow.

A grand old poet once spoke of April as coming with her tears and smiles.

He said the tears were the little raindrops, and the smiles were the little sunbeams.

The mind is like the garden. It must be taken care of. Good plants and flowers will not be found in the garden unless the seed be planted.

When we sow good seeds in the garden, we wish them to grow up and make fine plants, roots, and flowers.

If we let the weeds grow, they will choke the good seeds and spoil them. Weeds will spring up without being planted.

If you leave them alone, they will grow faster and stronger than the good plants. We must pull up the weeds if we want the plants to grow.

It is so with the mind. The soil is good. Weeds are likely to spring up, and, if you let them grow, they will choke the good thoughts and kill them.

When boys and girls are sent to school, they must learn all their lessons. What their teachers teach them is the good seed sown in the mind.

Bad thoughts and deeds are the rank weeds.

If you wish to grow up good, you must pull up all the bad thoughts and throw them away just as the gardener pulls up and throws away the weeds.

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ple — ap ple, ma ple, sam ple, sim ple.

THE RAVEN AND THE ROBIN.

One morning in spring a raven was sitting on one of the branches of an old apple tree.

He looked very cross, and could only say, "Croak, croak."

Soon a little robin who was looking for a place to make her nest, came with a song into the same tree. "Good morning to you," she said to the raven.

But the raven would not look at the robin; he looked only at the clouds and croaked something about the cold wind.

"I told you good morning," said the robin.

"You seem very happy this morning," said the raven.

"Why should I not be happy?" asked the robin. "Spring has come, and everybody should be glad and happy."

"I am not happy," said the raven. "Don't you see those black clouds? It is going to snow."

"Very well," said the robin, "I shall go on singing till it comes. A song will not make it any colder."

"You are a very simple bird," said the raven.

Then the robin flew to a maple tree and sung for a long time; but the raven sat still and made himself very unhappy. "The wind is so cold," he said. "It never seems to blow from the right way for me."

Very soon the sun came out warm and bright, and the clouds went away. But the simple raven was as sad as ever.

The grass began to spring up in the fields. Green leaves and flowers were seen in the woods.

Birds flew here and there in the glad sunshine. The raven sat alone on the branch of the old apple tree.

"It is always too warm or too cold," said he. "The sun is shining just now, but it will not be long till it will burn one up. Then it will be colder than before. I don't see how any one can be so silly as to sing."

Just then the robin came back with a straw in her mouth. "Well, my friend," asked she, "where is your snow?"

"Don't say anything," croaked the raven; "it will snow all the harder for this sunshine."

"And snow or rain," said the robin, "you will keep on croaking. You are a fair sample of some birds that I know. For my part, I shall look on the bright side of everything, and have a song for every day in the year."

Which was the wiser, the raven or the robin?

—Harper's Second Reader (Adapted).

NOTE: n = ng.

gle — sin gle.

THE LITTLE SPRING LEAVES.

"Come, little leaves," sang the wind one day,
"Out on the brown twigs and play;
Put on your little dresses so green, so fair,
And flutter and sway in the sunny air."

* * * * * *

Bigger and bigger each little leaf grew,
Bigger and bigger as little leaves do;
Soon not a single brown twig is seen,
Summer has come and the earth is green.

—JUSTIN STEARNS, from "The Child Garden."

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kle — twin kle, spar kle, an kle.

FLOWERS.

How many flowers we see when we walk in the fields in the springtime.

Some grow in the green grass where they twinkle like little stars. Some nestle in the corners of the stone walls where there are masses of green leaves. Some hang from the branches of trees.

How we love them all, — red, white, yellow, and blue.

How the little girls like to walk in the green grass, ankle deep, to pick the little red clover tops. How they like to pick the little buttercups and hold them under their chins to see if they like butter.

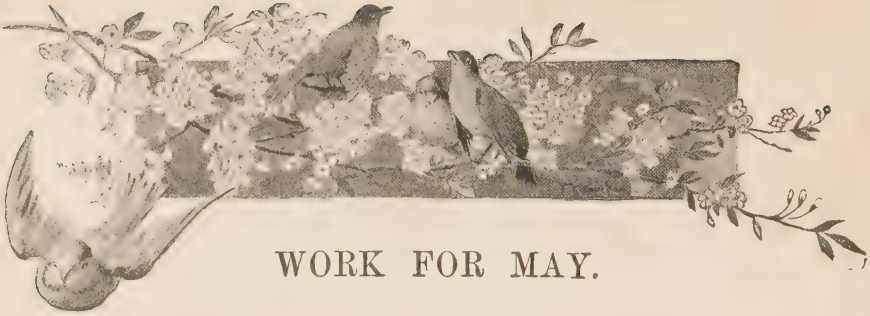
When the sun goes down and night comes on, many of the flowers shut their lovely eyes and go to sleep.

But in the morning, as soon as the sun comes up over the hills, they open to greet the light and sparkle with drops of dew.

COPY AND MEMORIZE.

We must make hay when the sun shines.
Whatever I do, I'll do it well.
Speak clearly if you would speak at all.

"Be kind and be gentle
To those who are old;
For kindness is dearer
And better than gold."



WORK FOR MAY.

MEMORY GEM FOR THE MONTH.

Starting, staring from the earth,
  See the pretty flowers;
Wakened from their winter's sleep
  By the springtime showers.

Now we know that May hath come,
  O'er the meadows dancing;
Robin lilts his sweetest song,
  Sunbeams round him glancing.

Bluebird's knocking at the door,
  Swallow's hither coming;
And o'er all the sunny mead,
  Springtime bees are humming.

Golden sunshine, silver rain,
  Each its work is doing;
Birds and bees and blossoms fair,
  Now the world renewing.

"O thou merry month o' May,
We have come to meet you;
Little lads and lassies gay,
Happily we greet you.

"From your pretty flowers, dear,
We will take a warning;
And we'll try our work to do
In life's fair May morning."

—Helen B. Curtis.

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ish — fool ish, self ish.

THE FOOLISH LITTLE CHICKEN.

One rainy day, Chicken-little ran to the woods where she had no right to be. When it began to rain she ran under a pile of brush. Just as she was about to come out, a big drop of rain fell on her head.

As she was running to her mother, she said, "Oh, dear, the sky is falling, and the world is coming to an end."

Soon she met her mother, Hen-len.

"Hen-len," she cried, "the sky is falling; I saw it with my eyes; I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my head."

Then Hen-len said, "Let us run and tell the king; he will send the news far and near."

So Hen-len ran with Chicken-little and it was not long before they met Duck-luck.

"Oh, Duck-luck," she cried, "the world has come to an end; the sky is falling."

"Why, how do you know?" asked Duck-luck.

"Chicken-little told me: she saw it with her eyes; and heard it with her ears; and part of it fell on her head."

Then all three ran as fast as they could to tell the news to Cock-lock.

They met Cock-lock near the barnyard. "Where are you going? Are you three running a race?" asked Cock-lock.

"Oh, Cock-lock," said Duck-luck, "we are glad to meet you. We have come to tell you that the world has come to an end."

"Who told you that foolish news?" said Cock-lock.

"Chicken-little saw it with her eyes, heard it with her ears, and a part of the sky fell on her head. She told Hen-len, and Hen-len told me. And now we have come to tell you."

So Cock-lock ran with them. Soon they met Drake-lake.

"Oh, Drake-lake, have you not heard the news? The world has come to an end."

"Who told you so?" asked Drake-lake.

"Duck-luck told me," said Cock-lock, "and Hen-len

told him. Hen-len had it from Chicken-little; she saw it and heard it, and part of the sky fell on her head."

And so they ran on for dear life.

Then they met Goose-loose.

"Come, Goose-loose, run with us to the king. The sky is falling."

Then Drake-lake told how he heard it from Cock-lock; how Cock-lock heard it from Duck-luck; how Duck-luck heard it from Hen-len and Hen-len heard it from Chicken-little who saw it with her own eyes and heard it with her ears.

On they ran. Soon they met Fox-lox. "Oh, Fox-

lox, run with us to the king; the world has come to an end."

"This is very sad news for the king," said Fox-lox.

"I will run with you and show you the way. I know the way very well, as I have been there before."

So they all went with Fox-lox. But the selfish fox did not take them to the king, but took them to his den in the woods.

Then he and the little foxes ate up poor little Chicken-little, Hen-len, Duck-luck, Cock-lock, and Drake-lake.

They did not live to see the king to tell him of the bad news.

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leather hero Mississippi

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

This is another story about a poor boy who became a great man. His name was Ulysses Simpson Grant. He was born in a little frame house on the banks of the Ohio River. In after years the people of his state loved him so well that this house is now kept in a park where the boys and girls may go to see it.

Birthplace of U. S. Grant.

Near his poor home, his father kept a tanyard. Many boys and girls have not seen a tanyard. A tanyard is a place where skins are made into leather. In the tanning of leather a

very fine dust is used. This dust is made by grinding the bark of trees. It was in a place like this that Ulysses spent many of his boyhood days.

Soon after Ulysses was born, his father went to live on a farm, where he had another tanyard. Ulysses never liked the tanyard, but he was delighted to be on a farm. Like most boys, he was very fond of horses, and when he was six years old he could ride horseback better than any man in that part of the country.

Like Washington, he was the leader in all games and sports that boys love. He could outrun and outjump any boy in his school. He was very fond of hunting and fishing. Every day, when his farm work was over, he would go with his playmates to the river and have a good swim.

Did you ever work on a farm? If not, you do not know what young Grant had to do. A boy on a farm has but little time for play.

He has to rise with the sun and drive the cattle to the fields. When night comes, he has to go to the fields and bring home the cows and sheep. He has to help the men with the milking. The wood has to be cut and taken into the house.

In the right season, the grain and corn have to be planted; the hay has to be cut and brought into the barn; the apples have to be picked, and many other things that only a farm boy knows.

Grant went to school whenever his father could spare him, but it is said that he did not love his books.

When he was seventeen years old, his father thought he would make a soldier of him. He was then sent to school at West Point. This school is a place where young men are taught to be soldiers.

When he first came to this school, the boys asked, "What is your name?" He said, "My name is U. S. Grant." That made all the boys laugh at him. One boy shouted, "Here is a boy fresh from the farm, and his name is United States Grant." So the boys gave him a nickname and called him "Uncle Sam" Grant.

He was so shy that he did not care to go with the other boys. Sometimes when the boys would make fun of him he would fight back.

There came a time when the boys did not make fun of him and call him names. That was when he was once on the back of his horse "York" and took a high jump over a bar six feet from the ground. There was not another boy in the school who could do that. He had learned to ride a horse on his father's farm.

Tomb of General Grant in Riverside Park.

This young man in time became a great soldier. He fought in two great wars. You have read about the great war between the North and the South. When the call to arms came, young Grant went to fight on the side of the North.

One of the first things that he did was to take a fort on the Mississippi River. This fight lasted for many months, but Grant would not give up. The people of the North were glad when this fort fell into the hands of Grant. At last this great war was at an end. Grant was looked upon as the hero of the war. The soldiers went back to their homes. Grant was so beloved by the people of this great country that they made him its President. He died in 1885. His body now rests in Riverside Park in New York city.

DECORATION DAY.

We will now read how the boys and girls kept Decoration Day in a city of the North not very long ago.

The schoolboys had been asked by the Grand Army men to march with them on Decoration Day. When the schoolgirls heard of it they wanted to march too.

They said they loved the flag just as well as the boys did; that they could march just as well, if not better.

Then the boys drilled in one place and the girls in another. They would not let each other see how well they could drill.

At last the day came; it was a grand day for a Decoration Day march. All the houses along the line of march were trimmed with flags.

The boys had on soldier caps; the girls looked very

pretty in their white dresses and their neat sailor caps. It was a pretty sight to see the waving flags in the hands of the boys and girls.

The girls headed the line of march. It was a grand day for the grim old Grand Army men. Many of them wept at the sight of the children.

When the march was over, they went to the soldiers' plot, where they placed flowers on the graves of those who fell for their country's flag.

The boys and girls of that city will never forget that day. And best of all, they will never forget the brave men who are now sleeping under the sod. Our country does not wish to forget them. For they were the men who fought that all parts of this country might have the same flag and that all men might have the same rights.

So every year we give one day to thinking of them. This day we call Decoration Day. It is kept in the South as well as in the North.

The soldiers who fought under Grant were called the "Boys in Blue"; those who were led by Lee were named the "Boys in Gray."

Decoration Day comes in the month of flowers. It is the day when we place flowers on the graves of these brave soldiers. And when we keep the day, it teaches young and old this lesson: one flag, one country, and one God.

"Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

The initial re.

re late re ply re turn re call re pay

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

I.

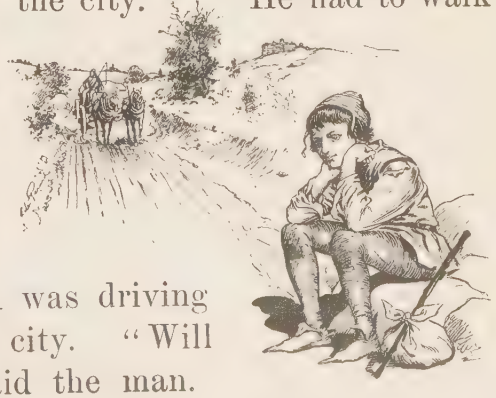
IN LONDON.

One night Tom and his big brother came to Uncle Jack and asked him to tell them a story before they went to bed. This is the story he related to them.

Dick Whittington was a very poor boy. He was a fatherless and motherless boy. He had not a friend in the world.

He was a very strong boy and willing to work. He had been told of a large city called London. He thought that he would be able to find work there.

So one spring morning he put all of his things in a pack and started off for the city. He had to walk all the way.



Before he reached the city, he had spent his last shilling. He sat resting on a pile of stones by the roadside.

Just then a drayman was driving by on his way to the city. "Will you ride with me?" said the man.

"I shall be most happy to do so," was little Dick's reply.

So Dick Whittington had a ride all of the way. When he reached London, he did not have anything to do but walk around the big city. He would walk up one street and then down another.

The houses looked like big mansions to him. The shop windows were beautiful sights. He had never seen a big shop before, and the lights looked very pretty indeed.

Then it grew dark, as night was coming on. He did not know where to go. He sat down on the steps of a large house.

It was not long till he fell fast asleep. The owner of the house upon coming home found him there.

"Come, wake up, my little man! Have you no place to go? Why are you asleep on my steps?"

Then little Dick told him how poor he was and that he did not have a friend in the world.

The man gave him some work to do in his house. Dick made up his mind to do all he could for the man to repay him for his kindness.

Dick had to get the coal and the wood, and do all kinds of work for the cook.

The cook did not seem to like Dick, and at times was very cross to him. She would scold him all day long, and sometimes gave him a whipping.

The poor friendless boy had to sleep in a loft. The rats and mice ran about the room all night long.

One day Dick told the market boy about the rats and mice. The market boy gave Dick a cat to catch the rats and mice. Dick Whittington and the cat soon became very fast friends.

Dick thought that he could not live with the cross cook any longer, and so he took his pack and cat and went away. He thought he would leave London and seek work in another place.

II.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Just outside the city, Dick thought he would sit down to rest. Just then the Bow bells began to ring. This is what poor Dick thought the bells were saying to him, "Turn back, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

Dick thought to be Lord Mayor of London would be a grand thing. The thought is master of the wish. So Dick Whittington returned to his master's house.

As he walked, the bells kept saying to him, "Turn back, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

Then Dick said to himself: "I am only a poor boy. How can I become Lord Mayor of London?"

Now Dick's master owned a big shop. He sent many things away in ships to a far-off country.

There these goods were sold, and other goods were brought back to London to be sold by his master.

Many things were sent by this one or by that one to be sold. One day as the ship was about to sail, Dick thought that he ought to send something. He did not have anything but his cat. So he sent his only friend. When his cat was put on the ship, Dick sat down and had a good cry.

He was very lonely without his cat. One day he was made very happy with good news.

There were many mice and rats in this far-off country. There were so many that they overran every place. They came into the king's mansion; they ran on his dinner table.

So when the king heard of the cat, he paid a big price for it. How Dick opened his eyes at the sight of the gold.

Dick Whittington was no longer a poor boy. With the gold he bought ships. He bought a big pile of goods to send with the ship to be sold.

Dick then gave up his work and went every day to school. In time he became a very wise man.

His ships took the goods away and brought back big boxes full of gold. And every time the Bow bells rang, they seemed to say, "Turn back, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

And one day Dick Whittington did become Lord Mayor of London. And every time the bells rang he would recall the days when he wanted to leave London with his cat.

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de — de light, de lay.

A SCHOOL GARDEN.

Our teacher tells us that we can learn more than one lesson from the flowers. She says in every country school like ours the children should have a garden.

In city schools, where they have hardly any play-ground, they can keep flowers and plants. They will thus learn more about the ways of plants than they can learn from books.

Where space cannot be had for a garden, it is well to plant seeds in boxes and flower pots. Many plants will grow in houses if they are cared for in the right way. If they have good soil about their roots and have good light and water, they will grow and soon be full of buds and blossoms.

Our school garden is a large one. There is a big oak tree near the gate, and many flower beds in the yard.

One day in May our teacher gave to each of us a small plot of ground for a garden. We were delighted with the plan. We went to work without delay. I planted a bean, a grain of corn, and two peas. I took good care of my garden and every one of the seeds grew. How large a crop do you think I had?

Our teacher had some beans which had been soaking in the water for three or four days, and she let me look at one. It was covered with a white skin. I pulled this skin off and then saw that the bean had two parts. A little stem was growing out of one of the parts.

"That is the stem of the bean plant," said my teacher. "It is just beginning to grow." When the bean stem comes up out of the ground it brings the bean with it. Then the bean splits open, and each half becomes a green leaf, which we call the seed leaf.

The stem soon becomes green, too. It keeps on growing and putting out other leaves till it is so strong that it can hold many branches. Then these branches have many blossoms so sweet that they make all the air around them sweet. Under the leaves of these blossoms are little green pods. In time these blossoms will hold many soft, white beans.

How many days do you think it took my bean before it came out of the ground? How many blossoms do you think my bean plant had? How many pods were there, and how many beans in a pod?

Plant a bean for yourself, and you will learn many strange things about plants.

—Harper's Second Reader (Adapted).

COPY AND MEMORIZE.

Might does not make right.
Never do anything by halves.
Not how long you live, but how well.
Not what you are thought to be, but what you are.
Do right and then you will not fear anybody.
If you do not sail by the chart, do not sail at all.
Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

WORK FOR JUNE.

MEMORY GEM FOR THE MONTH.

SUMMER'S SUNNY DAYS.

Summer's sunny days have come;
  Soft and sweet the wind is blowing;
Bees across the meadow hum,
  Where the golden flowers are growing;
Fields and trees are green and fair,
And sunshine's sleeping everywhere.

Oh, the sunny summer days,
  When the ripples dance and quiver;
And the sun at noontide lays
  Starlike jewels on the river!
Take your shoes off; wade in here,
Where the water's warm and clear.

Listen to the song it sings,
  Ever rippling, ever flowing;
Telling of a thousand things,
  Whence it comes, and whither going;

Singing like the birds and bees,
Of the wondrous world it sees.

All the world is filled with sound,
And the very air is ringing,
Up and down and all around,
With the songs the birds are singing.
Oh, the golden summer hours,
When earth's a paradise of flowers!

—The "Child World."

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pre — pre vent, pre tend.

turkey

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

It was summer. The country was beautiful. The wheat fields were yellow and the oats were green. The hay had been put up in stacks in the green fields. Yes, it was beautiful out in the country.

A duck made her nest under some leaves. There were eggs in the nest. The duck sat on the eggs to hatch her young ones.

At last one egg shell broke and then another. Little ducks came out. "Peep! peep!" said the little ducks; and they all came rapping out as fast as they could.

Then they looked around them under the green leaves. Their mother let them look as long as they wished, for green is good for the eyes.

"What a big world this is!" said the little ducks.

"Do you think this is all the world?" asked the mother.

Then the mother stood up, proud of her young ones. She looked down into the nest. There lay the largest egg of all. "How long is this to last?" she said. "I do not want to sit here any longer." But she sat down.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old duck who had come to make her a call.

"Just look at my ducklings. I think they are the most beautiful ducklings I have ever seen. All have come out of the egg shell but this one. It seems that this egg will never crack."

"Let me see the egg that will never crack," said the old duck. "If I were you I would leave it here and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the mother duck.

"That is for you to say," said the old duck; and then she went away.

At last the big egg cracked. "Peep! peep!" said the little one as he crept out of the shell.

The mother duck looked at it.

"It's a very large duckling," said she; "none of the others look like that; can he be a turkey? Now we shall soon find out. He must go into the water, if I have to thrust him in myself."

II.

The next day was bright and sunny. The mother duck went to the pond with all her little ones.

Splash! splash! and the mother duck was in the water.

"Quack! quack!" she said, and all the ducklings made a quick dive into the water.

All the ducklings swam about in the water. The ugly gray duckling swam with them.

"No, he is not a turkey," she said; "look how well he can swim. He is my own child. Quack! quack! come with me and I will show you the green world on the way to the barnyard."

"Look out for that old duck over there," said the mother duck; "she's of Spanish blood; that's why she's so fat; and do you see, she has a red rag round her leg."

"See that ugly duckling," said the Spanish duck; "we will not have him here." Then the Spanish duck flew up and bit the ugly duckling in the neck.

"Let him alone," said the mother; "he does no harm to any one."

"Yes, but he's too large and ugly to be with us in this barnyard," said the Spanish duck. "And besides, all of your children are very pretty, but this one is very ugly."

That made the poor duckling feel very sad; no one wants to be called ugly.

Another duck said, "He is too big."

The poor duckling could not stand it any longer. He ran to the woods. The little birds flew away as soon as he came. "I am so ugly that the little birds will not be near me," he said.

Then he ran to the moor where the wild ducks lived. "You are too ugly to live with us," they said.

So the poor little duckling ran away from the wild ducks, not knowing where to lay his head.

At night he came to an old house. The house looked as if it would fall down, it was so old. The wind blew so hard that the duckling went into the house.

An old woman lived there with her cat and her hen. The old woman said, "I will keep the duck. I will have some duck's eggs."

So the duckling lived in the house for three weeks, but no eggs came.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked the hen.

"No," said the duckling.

"Then do not talk to me," said the hen.

"Can you make sparks come out of your eyes like this?" asked the cat.

"No," said the duckling; "I never pretended to do that."

"Then keep still," said the cat. And the duckling hid in a corner of the room.

One morning the duckling wanted to go out to take a walk. He saw a big pond. He said, "I will have a good swim."

But all the animals that saw him made fun of him, for he was so ugly.

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swan

III.

The summer went by.

Then came autumn. The leaves in the woods turned yellow and brown. The air was getting very cold.

When winter came the poor duckling had a very hard time of it.

At last it was spring. It was a beautiful spring. The birds sang for joy.

The ugly duckling was big now. Then all at once he found that he could flap his wings.

One day he flew far away. He came to a pond in a beautiful garden. Three white swans were swimming on the water.

"I will fly to them," he said; "they will kill such an ugly duckling as I. I can not prevent them."

Then he flew out into the water and swam toward the beautiful swans.

"Kill me," said the unhappy duckling, as he put his head down to the water.

What did he see?

He saw himself in the water. He was not an ugly duckling now; he was a beautiful white swan.

Some little children came into the garden. "Oh, see the lovely swans!" they cried. "The new one is most beautiful of all. He is so young and handsome."

Then the old swans bowed their heads to him.

The young swan, as he did not know what to do, hid his head under his wing. He was so happy and yet not at all proud.

The children gave him cake and corn to eat. It was a happy day for the ugly duckling.

—Hans Christian Andersen (Adapted).

A lark once made her nest in a field of wheat. Soon there were four little birds crying for food. Every day the mother lark flew away to find food for her young ones.

Every day when she went to look for food, she told them to listen to what the farmer had to say, and tell her when she came back.

One day when she was away, the farmer came into the field. "I think this wheat is ripe enough to cut," he said. "I will ask our friends to come and help us cut it in the morning."

When the mother came home that night, the little larks told her what the farmer had said, and asked her to take them to another place.

"Oh," said the mother, "fear not, my little ones, for if the farmer depends on his friends, the wheat will not be cut in the morning."

The next day the baby larks had the same story to tell.

"Oh, mother," they said, "Farmer White was here to-day. 'My friends have not come,' he said. Then the farmer said to his son, 'It is best for us not to wait for our friends. Go to your uncles and ask them to come and help us.'"

The son went away and did as he was told. The baby larks were in a great fright when they heard this.

That night the little larks said: "Oh, mother, Farmer White has sent his son to get his uncles to help him cut the wheat. Is it not time for us to go now?"

"If that is all," said the mother, "we can stay a little longer."

The next day the farmer came back, but not an uncle was there to help him.

The farmer said: "This work shall be done at once. We will cut the wheat ourselves. I will not wait any longer for friends or uncles. In the morning we will come and do this work without their help."

When the mother lark heard this she said: "Now it is time for us to fly away at once. When a man sets out to do his work himself, he is not likely to fail."

Then the mother lark and her little ones flew to another field.

The next day the farmer and his son came and cut the wheat.

pro — pro claim.

Liberty Philadelphia

FLAG DAY.

In this fair land of ours you can see the Stars and Stripes floating over every schoolhouse.

This beautiful flag stands for Our Country. When the boys and girls see it floating so proudly over their school, it makes them think of their country.

Every American boy is proud of his country's flag. It stands for all that is good and dear to every American. It stands for LIBERTY. It proclaims liberty for all. Every thread stands for liberty. Every star stands for liberty. Every stripe stands for liberty. It stands for liberty of thought as well.

The Mrs. Ross House.

It is your flag. The first flag was made in June, 1777. It was made by Mrs. Ross, who lived in Arch Street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Ross was known far and near as a neat sewer.

This is why George Washington and two other

gentlemen went to see her one day in June, to ask her to make the first American flag.

Mrs. Ross did not think that she could make it. Washington told her that it was a very simple thing to do. Then he drew an outline of the flag for her.

Mrs. Ross said that she would try. She went to work with a will; it was not long before she had the stars cut out for the field.

The field was blue, just as you see it now in the flag that waves over your school. She made the stripes red and white. It took her just three days to make the first flag.

When Washington saw it, he was delighted with it. Every American is not only delighted with it, but he loves the dear old flag.

That is why the 14th of June is set apart as Flag Day.

(Have the pupils commit the following.)

"I pledge allegiance to the flag and the republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, and with liberty and justice for all."

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